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THE SUBURBAN-AMERICA'S GREATEST RACE

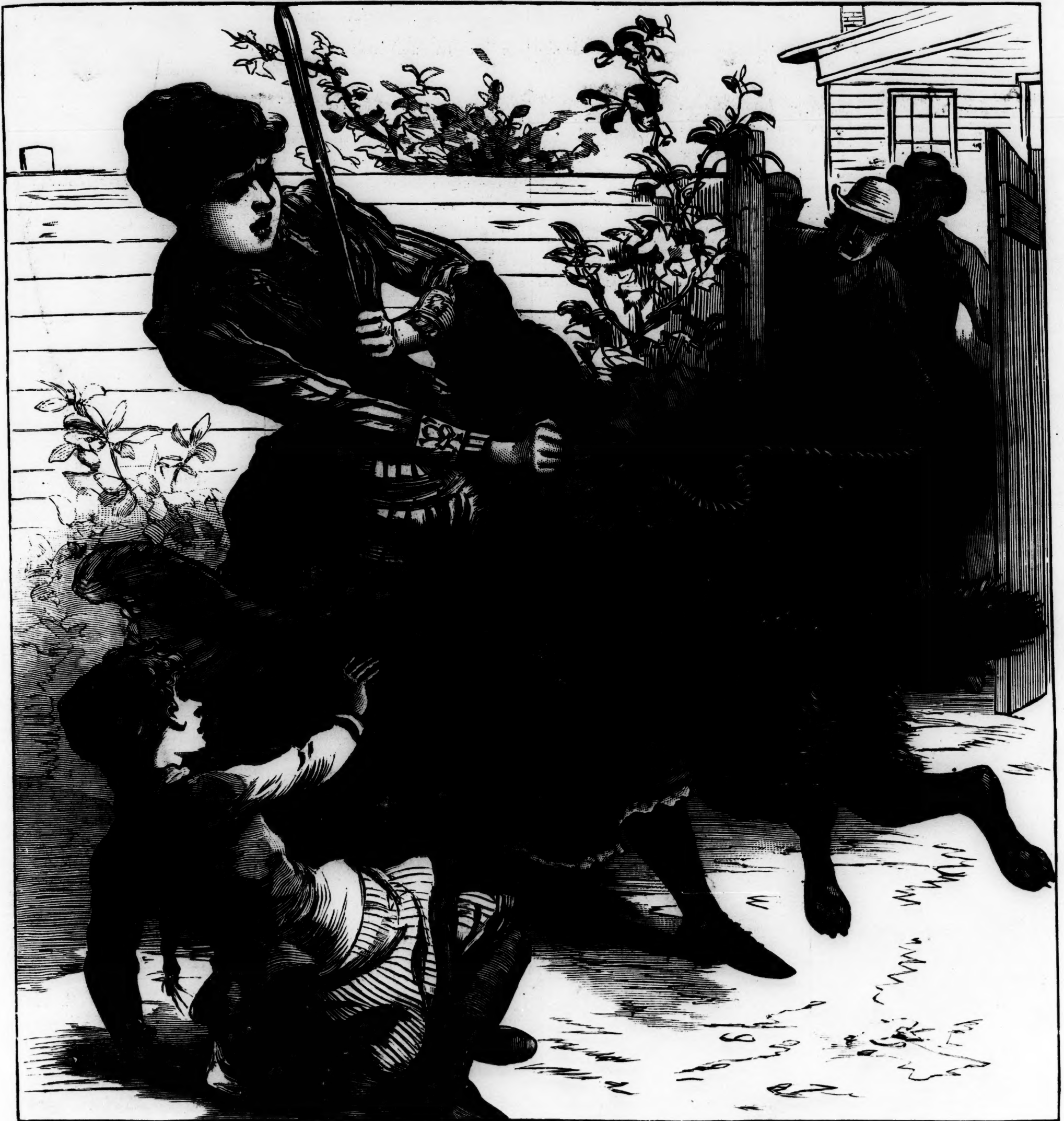
THE NATIONAL
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888.

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Price Ten Cents.



HER BRAVE BATTLE FOR LIFE.

THE FIERCE ENCOUNTER MRS. ARCHIE WEEKS OF LINCOLN, NEB., HAD WITH A MAD WOLF.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888.

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Pays for 13 Weeks of the Police Gazette regularly mailed to your address. Agents wanted everywhere. Sample copy mailed free.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher.

THE GREAT SUBURBAN RACE.

The numerous readers of THE GAZETTE will appreciate the enterprise of this very popular sporting and sensational journal in presenting them this week with the magnificent double-page illustration of the great Suburban race at Sheephead Bay, on Thursday last. It is scarcely necessary to say that our artist has done the subject ample justice.

Perhaps no race has ever occurred on the American turf that resulted contrary to the expectations of more people than the great and all-absorbing event of which we speak. Hidalgo, Firenze, Terra Cotta and Linden were the favorites at the opening of the race. The intense surprise, dismay and disappointment, therefore, of the many thousands of speculators who put their money on these horses, were simply immeasurable.

This goes to show what a fine art horse racing has become in this modern age. It requires as much real speculative acumen to invest money on turf events as it does to risk it on the fluctuation of the grain market.

There were a few who came from Sheephead Bay on Thursday considerably in pocket, but they were those who followed their own tips, and not the tips indicated by the odds of the bookmakers. Yet they did this from no remarkable shrewdness in judging of the merits of the several competitors in the race, but went it blindly, as one might say. The biggest losers were those who went to Sheephead confident that they knew a thing or two about horse racing and were not going to get left. They paid dearly for the lesson learned on that occasion and will know better next time.

A MOST WELCOME CONTEMPORARY.

The *Illustrated American* is the name of a new weekly newspaper which has recently been launched on the sea of journalism by Botthoff Bros., No. 7 Murray street, New York. The illustrations are in colors, and while the effect almost equals fine lithographic work, the process by which it is produced is far less expensive than lithographic printing. Mr. Henry J. Botthoff, the talented young artist, who designs and executes the numerous illustrations with which the pages of *The American* are so beautifully illuminated, has truly distinguished himself as a journalistic pioneer, since he may be said to be the first to make practical this cheap but very desirable method of newspaper embellishment. We heartily wish him and his bright little weekly the large measure of favor and patronage that we believe an appreciative public will accord to it.

The *American* is edited by Mr. George Bell, who by a tasteful arrangement and selection of its varied and interesting contents has fully demonstrated his ripe experience and skill as an editor and newspaper manager.

Before dismissing this subject it may be proper to add that the *American* is issued from the press of the Richard K. Fox Theatrical and Job Printing House, which accounts for its clean, handsome appearance. It is hardly necessary to say that owing to the ample facilities of this house for doing first-class printing and press work of every sort, in the quickest and most satisfactory manner, the *American* will always preserve its excellent typographical appearance under all circumstances, in spite of the many unforeseen and trying emergencies likely to be met with by all journalistic enterprises.

MASKS AND FACES

Soubrettes and Milliners---A Yarn

of George Richards.

"200 RESPECTABLE YOUNG LADIES."

Some Actresses' Shoes---Two New Plays.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

"Information I'm requesting
On a subject interesting—
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?"
It's hard to answer Koko, who asks this question. Men have such diverse tastes and are so difficult to please.

One thing is certain: However men may differ on the subject of female virtue, all women, and soubrettes in particular, are a unit on the subject of pretty and fashionable bonnets.

The other day I saw a queer sight. It illustrated how enterprising a soubrette will be when she wants to get the latest style in hats.

Opposite my room, on the other side of the street, resides Minnie Williams.

You've probably seen this blonde-headed, pleasant-faced girl with Barry and Fay and other combinations.

Well, on the afternoon in question I was surprised to see Miss Williams at her window looking out with a gigantic pair of opera glasses.

What was she looking at? The passing show on Broadway? The leading men who chinned, smiled, flirted on the sidewalk?

No. Miss Williams had those opera glasses of hers levelled at the window of a high-priced milliner, where the newest models of head gear were tastefully exhibited.

"I had a bonnet to trim," said she, "and as I couldn't afford to buy one of those high-priced ones in the window, I alternately copied a pretty one in the store through my glass and then sewed away at mine. How's that for an idea?"

I ran across George Richards day before yesterday. You doubtless recall the excellent work of that comedian as a *Stranger* in the "Hole in the Ground" of Mr. Charles Hoyt.

Well, Richards, smoking a cigarette, told me a couple of yarns.

Here's one of them: "An actor, Bill Slow, just returned from the road, is met by a friend, Bob Curtis. I think those are the names. At any rate, we'll use them. The following conversation took place between the two men: 'Hello, Bill. How are you?' 'O, not very well.' 'How was the play and company you went out on the road with?' 'A splendid company and a great play.' 'Ah? But say, how is your father? I heard he was sick.' 'Yes; the old gentleman is quite ill, very low, very low.' 'Sorry to hear that. Good-bye.' 'Good-bye.' 'A few days after Bill Slow was again met by Bob Curtis. 'How are you to-day?' he asked. 'Not very well.' 'I forgot to ask you the other day how was business with that company you went out with?' 'Business was rotten. Didn't get a cent of salary, and never knew what it was to play to a good house.' 'That's too bad. How is your father?' 'Father died suddenly the day after I met you. The poor old gentleman is dead and buried.' 'I'm very, very sorry to hear that. What kind of a funeral did he have?' 'Cully,' exclaimed the actor, brightening up at last, 'we turned 'em away!'"

I wonder whether Shakespeare knew anything about baseball.

If he didn't, what's the meaning of these lines? "The nine worthies." "Pardon me if I speak like a captain." "Will make him fly an ordinary pitch." "No doubt but that he hath got a quiet pitch." "I'll have an action of battery against him." "Masking the business from the common eye." "Kind umpire of men's miseries." "Must have a stop." "Had no other books but the score and the tally." "As swift in motion as a ball." "A hit, a very palpable hit." "It was a black, ill-favored fly." "For nothing can seem foul to those that win." "Our play is preferred." "The base is right." "Tis time we twain did show ourselves in the field." "Taste your legs; put them in motion." "He that runs fastest gets the ring." "Would I were gently put out of office before I were forced out."

Kiralfy is ambitious. He does everything on a large and elegant scale. The other day he put an advertisement into the dailies.

He wanted, he said, "two hundred respectable

young ladies" to pose in the grand ballet of "Nero," the spectacular midsummer production at Staten Island.

At 11 o'clock the next morning, in response to this ultra-polite ad, about one hundred females of all ages, statures and dimensions had assembled in front of Webster Hall.

"Must we strip?" Tootsey Trolliver, one respectable young lady, asked Maggie Merryleg, another respectable young lady.

"You bet your sweet life and your baby's we must," answered the other respectable young lady.

In all your ambitious undertakings, Mr. Kiralfy, you never undertook a more difficult task than to get together a lot of two hundred women who would prove to be young and respectable and ladies.

But I have no doubt "Nero" will be a success, and Blondin will be the attraction he was twenty-nine years ago.

Blondin was a young man when he crossed the chasm of Niagara on a tight rope.

Since then he has been in Australia, China, Japan, India, Turkey, Russia, South America, and all the European nations—walking tight ropes everywhere—tight ropes in the aggregate nearly 10,000 miles long, but never attempting a more perilous and daring feat than the crossing of Niagara Falls. And all because no other part of the world presented an opportunity for such a feat.

Blondin is now sixty-five. When I saw him at the Hoffman House the other night he looked as straight and sound as a young oak.

We hear great news about the "Crystal Slipper," the spectacular opera produced in Chicago.

There are new and splendid scenic effects, we are told, and grand marches, and bevy of pretty girls, and lots of catchy songs.

Meanwhile I have been bothering my empty pate about the relative sizes of the shoes actually worn by the women in the cast.

How many of them could really wear the "Crystal Slipper" of charming Cinderella?

St. Crispin, patron saint of shoemakers, has whispered confidential information on the subject into my ears.

Little Ida Mülle, the Cinderella, he tells me, wears a No. 1.

You can carry Ruth Stetson's shoe on your watch-chain. It's dainty and pretty.

May Yohe, *Prince Polydore*, wears No. 3½. Jessie Villars, *Mardi Gras*, wears a No. 3.

Elma Delazo wears a No. 4. Mamie Cerbi wears a No. 2.

Maudie Waldemere, in spite of her tremendous size, has a remarkably small foot.

I never looked at Grace Filkins' shoes. The beauty of face, eyes and hair of *Fairy Graciosa* make us forget anything else about her.

The feet of the court pages, Misses Chamberlain, Ward, Franck, Whelan, Riversdale and Sigerson are said to be of the well-known Chicago voluminousness. I give you this information for what it is worth.

I take St. Crispin's word, and I may be mistaken. Coming back home, I want to notice two new plays, "Among the Pines" and "His Lordship," produced here this week.

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Hew away, Mr. Eben Plympton, make the chips fly "Among the Pines."

The play was not a popular success, but it certainly had strong points.

The breeze of the north woods blew fragrant pine odors through its five acts.

But Miss Helen Windsor, as the romantic schoolmarm, was anything but graceful and effective, and when she alluded to her heart and

accompanied the allusion by placing her hand too far south, she proved that she knew little of physiology.

Miss Libby Noxon, "the sunshine of the settlement," lacked a good deal of the warmth of juvenility.

A young soubrette should be a young soubrette. But Eben Plympton, and Anderson as the villain, made up for all defects.

There wasn't a woman in the audience but would have loved to put her arms around the big, bronzed neck of *Jim Blanchard* and kiss him.

If "Among the Pines" was not a popular success, "His Lordship" was scarcely more so.

Harry Pitt, as *Lord Blushington*, dangles his eye-glass no longer, makes love no longer to Lillian Chantore.

The play, which satirizes our national foibles, follies, vices, in spite of some clever lines, was not a go.

The dresses and embonpoint of Virginia Buchanan, the dry humor of Charley Bowser and of Russell Bassett couldn't make it a go.

It takes more than talent to make a play a success nowadays.

It takes a manager with energy, brains and money. Managerial ingenuity and newspaper thrift—that's what does the work.

I would like to have seen J. M. Hill take hold of "Among the Pines" or "His Lordship."

I'll wager he would have petted, coaxed, cajoled either of these plays into some kind of a respectable career.

As it is, J. M. Hill promises to make a success of the panorama, "The Battle of Gettysburg," of which he has just taken hold.

The other day he invited the dramatic profession to come in and look at his new show.

As they passed in he asked them to write their names in a register he had there.

For four hours they came straggling in, in couples, in fours, alone.

Ada Gray was among the first there. She looked unduly imposing and dramatic.

Then came John D. Gernon, and little May Gernon, and Robert Neil, and Hal Warren, and Louise Sanford.

Everybody seemed to be in the best of humors. The afternoon was hot, and many of the professional-shone a good deal more with perspiration than afternoon than they ever shone with talent of an evening.

Frank Frayne, Jr., Kitty Rhodes, L. M. Ulmer, Amy Russell, Fannie Rhyno, Adele Bray, graced the occasion with their presence.

There were some swell actors, too. Bob Hilliard strolled in, wrote down his name and took a look around.

Harry Pitt and Nelson Wheatcroft laughed and chatted with groups of friends.

Charley Dickson wrote his signature in bold, manly style.

Gus Heckler came along and made his usual amount of noise.

Then in trooped Kate Sully, Lizzie Hardy, Frank Pierson, Robert Neil, Ed Chapman, Kate Glover, Marie Glover, Henry Puerner, Ralph Howard, Nanette Comstock, John C. Leach, Evelyn Campbell, Maud Randolph, Sid Fox.

All kinds of handwriting—some of it very bad. That register, Mr. Hill, will be very valuable some day.

I couldn't help but think, as I saw these people sign, that if writing is indicative of character, some people's character must be hard to decipher.

Still they come—Stella Fenton, Clara Thropp, Sadie Wells, Kate Singleton, Harry Watkins, Beatrice Norman, Marion Booth—and sign.

The boy with the programmes was kept busy. Edgar Selden, Marie Hilforde were on deck.

Minnie Williams and Minnie Douglas appeared in full summer regalia.

Harry Kelly, Ed Stevens, John Walsh, John Ryley, J. C. Cline were on hand.

Sheridan Block came in with Howard Taylor. Fred Lubin was very amiable to Pearl Eyttinge.

Pearl is not as lithe as she was years ago and wears eye-glasses now, but her smile has the old-time charm.

Nellie Diamond, Kate Aesterle, Jessie Fitzpatrick, Lizzie Moore, Baby Bishop added to the jollity of the occasion.

Annie Myers held a little reception of her own in the lobby.

They came along as steadily, as solidly, did these Thespians, as Hancock's battalions on July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

I wonder how old some of our young soubrettes were then.

I wonder how many of them would dare to tell. Bloke and Broke were speculating about this as they sat comfortably in a saloon in Union Square discussing theatricals.

Their feet were up a good deal higher than their finances.

Finally the talk rambled off to a certain actor whom they had seen at the panorama that afternoon.

"He'll be all right," said Bloke, confidently.

"He'll make his mark"—

"He has already," answered Broke. "He can't write!"

ROSEN.

THE COFFIN A MISFIT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The town of Breslau, L. I., was greatly excited recently by the discovery that the body of George Simon, an old resident of that village, whose interment occurred a few days ago, was mutilated by Undertaker George Henning before burial. The funeral was to take place on Saturday, and in the morning of that day Mrs. Simon, the wife of the dead man, left the house to go on an errand. On her return she found the undertaker dressing the corpse. After placing the corpse in the casket the undertaker refused to let Mrs. Simon look at the remains of her husband. After the interment it was rumored that the body had been disfigured by the undertaker, and it was exhumed in presence of a large number of villagers, when it was found that the left leg had been sawed off and hung only by a piece of skin. The undertaker says, in explanation of the matter, that the limb was bent and he had to cut it off in order to get the body in the coffin.

A DESPERATE WOMAN'S RECKLESSNESS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Last night in the fore part of the evening, says a special from Harper, Kan., pistol shots awakened the echoes of the northeastern part of the city and a white plug hat with a man under it was seen tearing down the streets like an unbroken colt, while the crack of the pistol made music in the air as it savagely sent ball after ball in pursuit of the flying victim, who was George Cox. The pursuer was a Mrs. Duncan. One of her shots caught Cox in the front part of the thigh, passing entirely through the fleshy part of the limb and lodging just beneath the skin in the rear. The next carried away the heel of his shoe. One sung a fierce song of death as it passed close to his ear, and the other grazed his left leg, missing it by a hair's breadth. The motive for the assault is unknown.

CARRIE PERKINS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Carrie Perkins, whose pretty face adorns our columns this week, was born in Boston, Mass. She made her first appearance in the legitimate, appearing in "Marble Heart" with Lawrence Barrett. Her success in "Babes in the Wood" under Willie Edouin, in "Cinderella at School" gave her considerable reputation as a burlesquer. Her impersonation of *Hans Wagner* in "Evangeline," and as the *Merry Mountain Maid* with "Adonis" are well remembered. Miss Perkins, besides her ability as an actress, is widely known as an artistic costumer. All the rich costumes of the recent Rice productions, "The Corsair" and the "Pearl of Pekin," came through her skillful hands.

STUNNED ON THE STAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Japanese who performed the human spider act at Waldmann's Opera House, Newark, N. J., a few nights ago fell on the stage and received a severe shaking up. The Jap was stunned at first, but received no injury.

ALWAYS AHEAD.

The N. Y. "Dramatic News," the leading theatrical paper of America, in its issue of May 26 has the following: "The 'Police Gazette,' a ten-cent sporting journal, publishes at least four times as many copies as all the so-called sporting journals put together."



BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won
Distinction on the Dia-
mond Field.



John B. Sage.

Mr. Sage, ex-president of the Buffalo club, is one of the best posted men in the country in baseball matters. He is a wealthy gentleman, and spends much of his time visiting the various baseball grounds throughout the country. Mr. Sage is one of the most widely-known gentlemen in baseball circles, and rarely ever misses the annual spring and fall meeting of the two leading organizations—the National League and American Association—especially the former, of which he is an honorary member. He resides in Buffalo.

Billy Hart is not quite so badly stuck on himself since he was pounded for nineteen hits, four of them being home runs, another a three-bagger, and two more doubles. He now is beginning to think pitchers are born and not made.

Dave Howe made a bluff to the directors of the Kansas City club "that he had a better offer to manage another club," but he got "called," as they wired him that he could have his release whenever he wanted it. Dave felt very foolish, as he thought they would raise his salary. He has been as quiet as a little mouse ever since.

Anson don't care the snap of his finger for a player's feelings, and would just as quick reprimand him or change him to another position right in the midst of an inning and in the presence of ten thousand spectators, as he would during a practice game when they were all alone.

When a Tri-State League player gets fined \$30 by an umpire, it takes such a tremendous slice out of his salary that there is general indignation expressed by the club management and all the daily papers. As a rule, the players are frequently encouraged by the managers, and when they are fined the clubs usually make good the fine. When the amount is too heavy the shoe generally pinches, and the directors soft soap the papers and the poor umpires catch ballyhoo, which is, in many cases, the foundation of their removal for incompetency.

During the last game on the Polo Ground between the New Yorks and Chicagos, Anson was on first, and he tried to steal second; having no time to spare he made a long slide, plowing up the earth for about twenty feet and raising as much dust as a cyclone. After the cloud cleared away, to his great dismay he discovered that the umpire had decided him out. As he started to walk away he was fanned by the cool air. He knew from the peculiar sensation that something was wrong, while the crowd kept yelling at the top of their voices. He went on a voyage of discovery, and found that in sliding he had torn the whole seat of his trousers. He was in a bad way, as over four thousand people were present.

Now, since the massacre of Van Haltren by the "Giants" on Manhattan Island, they are trying to let him down easy by saying he had exhausted himself last winter in California. That may or may not be true, but there is one unmistakable fact and that is he was finished by the New Yorks.

Fred Dunlap shows his good head by saying the championship lies between Chicago, New York and Boston. The New Yorks have been playing rotten ball lately, but that is no matter, as they are only in a little hard luck at present, but will get there just the same.

The Brooklyn, like the New Yorks, seem to have lost their great streak of good luck.

Jack Morrison is a trifle young at the business, but he is learning very rapidly. He got drunk and took a week's vacation to enjoy himself, but it just cost him a fine of \$500 and a suspension for the remainder of the season.

Sam Morton has had so many valuable suggestions from the Chicago reporters that he is seriously thinking of turning the management of the Maroons over to them.

When Chicago's left-hander, Van Haltren, gets pushed he can pitch with his right hand. He did it last week when the New Yorks were hitting him hardest in the 19-2 game.—Cleveland Plaindealer. Yes, and we know a lot of other ball players that are pretty clever at changing hands.

Jimmy Williams says his Cleveland team is playing in hard luck. It strikes me that they have been play-

ing in hard luck ever since the season opened, and they will continue in hard luck until it closes, as they are a dead lot of stuffs, and don't even know the first rudiments about playing ball.

Hardie Henderson has seen his best days in the larger professional bodies, and from this out he will have to take the regular course of decline through the minor leagues until he brings up in some little country town where he can learn farming. He is as strong as an ox, and just about slow enough to be well adapted for the business.

They don't like too much of a good thing in Philadelphia, so when one of their crack clubs is playing a winning game the other invariably is getting the stuffs knocked out of it.

Charley Jones, the veteran professional player, who is so widely known in baseball circles, has retired permanently from the arena, and has decided to make New York city his future home, where he will go into business for himself.

The California papers are now trying to let Van Haltren down easy from the pounding the New Yorks gave him by saying that it occurred through pure jealousy on the part of Pfeffer, Ryan and others of the team, who are bent on downing Van, as they did not try to stop the balls hit by the giants. They go on the principle that a poor excuse is better than none at all. Clarkson has put on so many frills this season in Boston that the public has soured on him, and are calling for little Madden.

The Detroiters are not playing the ball they played last year, and don't make any mistake about it. The waters are not running very smoothly in that club, and if they get higher than fourth place by the close of the season they will astonish many people.

"Charliehorse" seems to be a forerunner of rheumatism, as it is only the veteran ball players that it tackles. Even in the California League the players occasionally get swelled heads, and have to be called down. A heavy fine generally has a soothing effect.

The Inter-State League clubs are finding it an up hill job to make ends meet, and several of the clubs have already turned up their toes.

Comiskey would make a good man for New York, and if Von der Ahe wants to give him away there is no doubt but that Manager Mutrie could be induced to take him.

Curt Welch is up to his old tricks, and on several occasions he has made Manager Sharsig blush at his being called down and exposed during the progress of a game.

Hewitt, of the Washingtons, is becoming discouraged because his men do not play better ball. He has an idea that they ought to knock the cover off the ball every time they come to the bat and win every game they play.

Tony Mullane got a nasty poke between the eyes, which decorated his muck in great shape. He says it was a ball, but he leaves us to surmise whether it was attached to a man's wrist. Those balls sometimes do a great deal of damage.

The people of Reantown are kicking like mules because their crack team is not winning more games. They think the short end is coming their way too often.

If ever a poor club got jumped on by the press, that club is the Louisvilles. What on earth is the matter with those Bourbon heads down there? They have the lightest salaried team in the Association, and in spite of this fact the idiots are unreasonable enough to expect the best ball for the least money.

The Louisvilles have the knack of winning one game and losing a half dozen by way of an apology.

Bob Ferguson about hit the nail full on the head when he said the Athletics were the dark horse in the Association race, as they are certainly playing a great game at present and are making the Brooklyn and St. Louis clubs hustle pretty lively to protect their laurels.

That New York furniture dealer so sarcastically referred to by the St. Louis Republic as being desirous of becoming a baseball magnate is worth a barrel of money and owns the finest site for a baseball ground on Manhattan Island, and a piece of property so situated that there is no fear of it ever being molested by the city officials. They may call it all bosh, but make no mistake the offer made to Von der Ahe was no fake, and what is more there will be a strong Association club in New York next year.

Kilroy is not the terror he was a year ago, and the gilt-edged salary he is receiving is breaking the management all up into little pieces.

If ever there was a crazy Dutchman, it was Getzein when Watkins fined him \$100 for getting pounded for twenty-one hits. The mortification of the slugging was bad enough, but the fine was taking his heart's blood.

When the St. Louis Browns were playing the Brooklyn at Ridgewood Park, June 3, Lyons made a two-base hit, and in trying to make three bases he was thrown out from O'Brien to Pinkney.

When Gaffney called him out he looked at him in an astonished manner, took off his hat and threw it down on the ground, as much as to say, "You are rotten."

Gaffney was dead on, and said, "That will cost you twenty, and if you don't pick that hat up and put in on your head it will cost you twenty more." It took the funny business out of him so quick it made his hair stand on end in astonishment.

Johnny Ward certainly deserves credit for the book he has compiled, as it is instructive and full of valuable information. Speaking of the book recalls a little incident which occurred at the Polo Ground during

NO COMPETITOR.

The N. Y. "Dramatic News," the leading theatrical paper of America, in its issue of May 26 has the following: "The 'Police Gazette,' a ten-cent sporting journal, publishes at least four times as many copies as all the so-called sporting journals put together."

the last game between the New York and Detroit clubs. Just as Ward made a bad error on the ball hit by White, which resulted in the Detroiters scoring the first run of the game, a little boy hopped into the ladies' gallery of the grand stand and shouted: "Who wants to buy Johnny Ward's book that teaches you how to play baseball." A gentleman with a baritone voice said: "Take one down and give it to Ward."

They have a lot of thick-headed policemen on duty at the Polo Ground who are better adapted to shovel manure than they are to be seen in the presence of gentlemen. The moment one of these raw Irishmen gets a uniform on he imagines he is a greater man than the President of the United States. The only man they recognize of importance is the captain, and what he says is law. Outside of this they like to show their importance. When Gov. Hill visited the Polo Ground June 13, Fred Davis, who is in charge of the 6th avenue entrance, accompanied the Governor's carriage over to the ropes, but there it stopped, as Mr. Thick-head Policeman refused to let them drive any further. Fred tried to get it through his nut that he was stopping the Governor of New York State, but the mug did not know the Governor from sole leather, and His Excellency had to remain there with the cop holding his horses until Davis found Captain Westervelt, who came up and passed the Governor through.

Comiskey says that the system of umpiring has been revolutionized, more progress having been made this year than during the ten preceding.—Philadelphia Record. Still this same Comiskey is the very man who does more kicking against the umpires' decisions than all the other Association men put together. He has adopted Anson's method of bulldozing with marvelous effect.

That little drunk cost Flanagan and Atterson, of the Wheelings, \$150 each, in addition to being indefinitely suspended. Rather an expensive night's fun. It is bad enough to have a swelled head in the morning, but when it comes to running a freight train over your pocketbook it's piling on the agony, and enough to make a level-headed man spurn the flowing bowl for the remainder of his days.

The "Mistaken Identities" is what the Cincinnati are dubbed in St. Louis. JUNE.

SPORTING NOTES.

Barnes, the jockey, won the fine saddle offered to the jockey who should have to his credit the largest number of winning mounts at the Latonia meeting. He rode the winner 16 times during the meeting.

A sweepstake race will be rowed at Worcester between W. F. Conley, J. W. Kennedy, William O'Toole and John W. Joyce, the Springfield sculler. Each man will put in \$100 and a purse will be added.

George W. Lee has forwarded articles of agreement for a race with Wise, the Leslieville sculler. The race is for \$500 a side, and is to be rowed between July 10 and 20, the winner to take 60 per cent. of the gate receipts.

The race horse Hypasias was killed at Latonia, Ky., June 15. He was being put on a car to be shipped to Chicago, and accidentally broke his leg, and he was killed to be put out of his suffering. He was valued at \$2,500.

At South Framingham, Mass., on June 14, H. M. Dufur, the Marlboro champion, accepted a challenge from Alexander McDonald, of Cape Breton, the giant, to engage in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match for \$5,000 a side. The match to come off in Nova Scotia.

A despatch from J. A. St. John, of St. Louis, says: "Am sending \$1,000 on behalf of Gaudaur and mate for first deposit for double-scutt race with Teemer and Hamm. Gaudaur will be on hand to talk business in case I am not present. I trust this will be satisfactory to Keenan."

At New Haven, Conn., on June 15, C. H. Sherrill, Yale '88, broke the records of Lou Myers for 250 yards and Harry Brooks for 150 yards, and tied the record of Wendell Baker on the 125-yard dash. His time for 125 yards was 13 3/4 seconds, for 150 yards, 15 seconds, and for 250 yards, 25 1/4 seconds.

Frank Stevenson is negotiating with Billy Varley, the newly imported English middle-weight, for a match with Joe Ellingsworth. Frank will back Joe to whip Varley in a 15-round contest with small gloves for \$500 a side and gate receipts. If Varley accepts, the bout may be decided in the Oakland Rink, Jersey City, early in July.

At Ironton, Ohio, on June 15, in the second heat of the mile dash at Fleetwood, the horses Content and Nellie Hegeler collided in the home stretch and the latter went down, throwing her jockey, Ike Cameron, heavily. Josh Billings, who was just behind, fell over Nellie Hegeler and upon the prostrate jockey, crushing him to death.

Hanlan's Victory.—The single-scutt race between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, Canada, and Edward A. Trickett, who have during their rowing career held the single-scutt championship of the world, was rowed on the Fitzroy river, Australia, on June 13. The stakes were \$5,000. Trickett, owing to the form displayed by Hanlan in his race with Peter Kemp, was a heavy favorite. The race was won by Hanlan easily by six lengths, to the surprise of the backers of Trickett. The New York Daily News says in regard to the race: "Edward Hanlan cannot expect any credit for defeating Edward Trickett, for the latter is not as speedy as when he held the title of champion of Australia, and Hanlan defeated him in England in 1880 for the championship of the world and again in 1883 for the same title."

REPULSED THE BANDITS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A daring attempt was made to rob the "Big Four" train from Indianapolis on Saturday night last near Cincinnati. Five men jumped on board; three of them boarded the baggage car and two entered the cab of the locomotive. The baggage master, Joseph Ketchum, tried to eject them. The three men jumped upon him, but he fought to save the valuables in the car. Suddenly there were five shots and Ketchum fell to the floor of the car. In the cab of the engine the two other robbers were meantime battling with the engineer, James Boyd, and his fireman, who were trying to compel them to jump off. There was a pitched battle, in which the robbers were beaten off the engine.

TWEAKED TRUMBRIDGE'S NOSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Wall street precincts were filled for a short time on Friday with blood-curdling versions of a "row" in front of the Hoffman Cafe, at Beaver street and Exchange place, in which Edward S. Stokes, of much fame, was represented to have engaged. From all accounts, it seems the affair grew out of a law suit in which the valiant Ed was worsted. The defendant, Wm. Trumbridge, not content with his victory, made some offensive remark to Mr. Stokes, who resented it by tweaking Trumbridge's proboscis.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Wm. L. Campbell.

The portrait at the head of this column is that of the Chief of Police of Schenectady, N. Y. He was born in Bonnie Scotland, Feb. 2, 1844, and came to this country with his parents in 1857. Chief Campbell has been in the service nineteen years, first serving as patrolman in Schenectady in 1860, when the then borough was a precinct of the Albany Police Department. In 1870 he served as patrolman in the village of Saratoga, being the first to wear the uniform of patrolman in that village. In 1871 he again re-entered the Schenectady force. July 4, 1882, he was elected Assistant Chief, and October 17, the same year, was made Chief. He is an efficient officer, and he has the respect of all classes of his townspeople.

James Palmer.

In a previous issue we published an illustration showing the discovery of the body of Henry E. Whitehouse on Noble's Island shore, Portsmouth, N. H. The testimony before the coroner's jury pointed to James Palmer as the murderer. Palmer has been arrested for the crime and is being held pending action in the case by the authorities.

Mrs. Sarah J. Whiteling

Is confined in the Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia, awaiting trial for the self-confessed murder by poisoning of her husband, John, aged 38 years, and her two babes, Bertha and Willie, aged respectively 13 years and two years and 9 months. The insurance on the lives of the three—\$300—was the motive for the crimes. The deaths occurred between March 20 and May 21.

Unser Fritz.

Frederick William Nicholas Charles, of Hohenzollern, was born Oct. 18, 1831, in the new palace of Potsdam, where he died June 15. He was trained for the military service, and his career in that, his chosen profession, was a most brilliant one and covered all the active years of his life, until he was visited with the fatal and trying disease that robbed him of his life.

Deputy Sheriff James Speedy.

Of Nogales, A. T. recently made a clever move by the capture of J. J. Taylor, a dreaded bandit, train robber and murderer. There are very few such officers on the frontier as the "Little Deputy," who rarely fails to bring down the game he seeks to capture. He went to Arizona in 1885 and served four years as a military expressman for the U. S. Government, subsequently becoming under sheriff of Charles A. Shibley of Pima county. He has made himself very useful as an officer and citizen.

Ed Chamberlain.

Ed Chamberlain, the murderer of Miss Etta Wettenberg, of Delhi, Ind., who has been confined in the jail at Monticello, that State, recently effected his escape by braining Sheriff Henderson. Chamberlain is a bold criminal, and his crimes have wrought up the people to the highest pitch. Fortunately, his freedom was of short duration, as he was captured promptly and placed where he came from, and it is safe to say that great care will be taken that he does not escape again. His captors were Arthur and Ralph Lawrie.

J. J. Taylor.

One of the most daring crimes that has startled the Southwest for some time past was the bold train robbery which took place recently near Nogales, A. T. The conductor, L. A. Atkinson, and John Forbes, the fireman, were murdered outright by the bandits, who attacked and plundered the train, led on by J. J. Taylor. Taylor and his murderous gang of outlaws escaped after committing their heinous crime, but he was subsequently captured by Deputy Sheriff Speedy and jailed, in spite of the threats and efforts of the angry populace to lynch him.

Robert Milroy.

Robert Milroy, alias Thompson, alias Turner, alias Furman, alias Stimler, is a notorious all-round thief. Two years ago he was arrested by R. A. Pinkerton on the Sheephead Bay race track for picking pockets. He escaped conviction by slipping his bail. On May 10 last, at the Phoenix Hotel, Lexington, Ky., he sneaked into the office and stole from the office safe the cash box of Bookmaker William Riley, which contained, in money and checks, \$10,000. The Pinkerton National Detective Agency were given charge of the case, and they arrested Milroy in Kansas City and returned him to Louisville for trial.

ALWAYS AHEAD.

The N. Y. "Dramatic News," the leading theatrical paper of America, in its issue of May 26 has the following: "The 'Police Gazette,' a ten-cent sporting journal, publishes at least four times as many copies as all the so-called sporting journals put together."



"UNSER FRITZ,"

FREDERICK WILLIAM, THE LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, DIED JUNE FIFTEENTH.



CARRIE PERKINS,

AN ACTRESS WHOSE CHARMS AND TALENTS HAVE MADE HER WIDELY POPULAR.



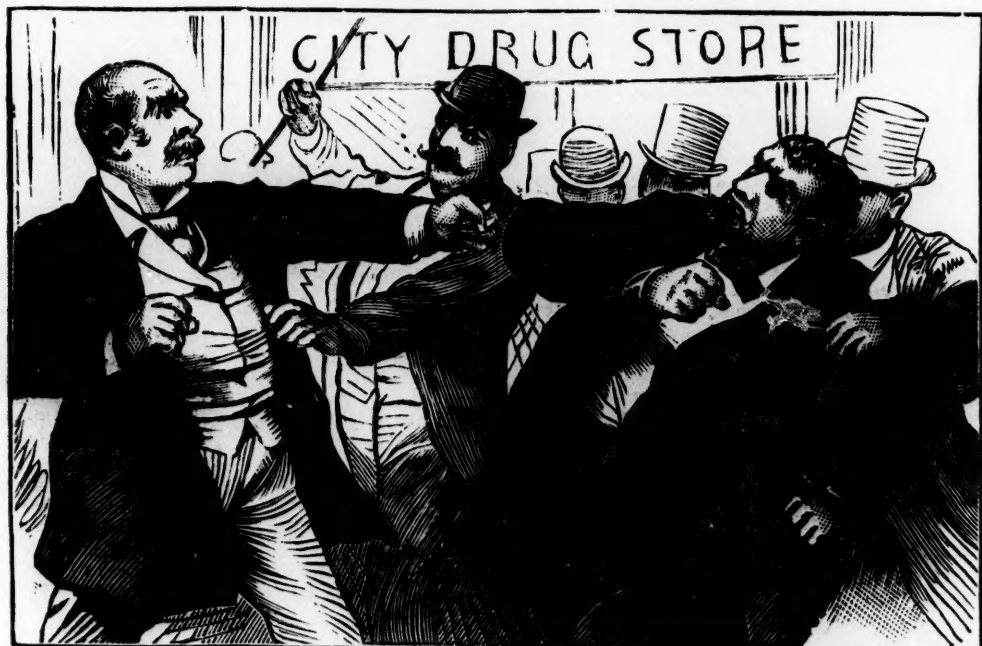
A PUBLIC OFFICIAL REBUKED.

CIRCUIT CLERK MOTLEY AND A DISREPUTABLE WOMAN AT PITTSFIELD, ILL., ARE HUNG IN EFFIGY FOR ALLEGED MISCONDUCT.



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

MISS MARY HALBROWN, A WEALTHY BURLINGTON, N. J., LADY, OBJECTS TO RECEIVING PATENT MEDICINE LITERATURE IN HER P. O. BOX.



IT WAS A DRAW.

JUDGE DAVID L. HAWKINS OF CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO., ENGAGES IN AN ALLEGED FISTIC ENCOUNTER WITH A PROMINENT CITIZEN.



JACK SHEPARD IN SKIRTS.

A FEMALE CONVICT ESCAPES FROM PRISON AT ANAMOSA, IOWA, BY SAWING OFF THE IRON BARS OF HER CELL WINDOW.



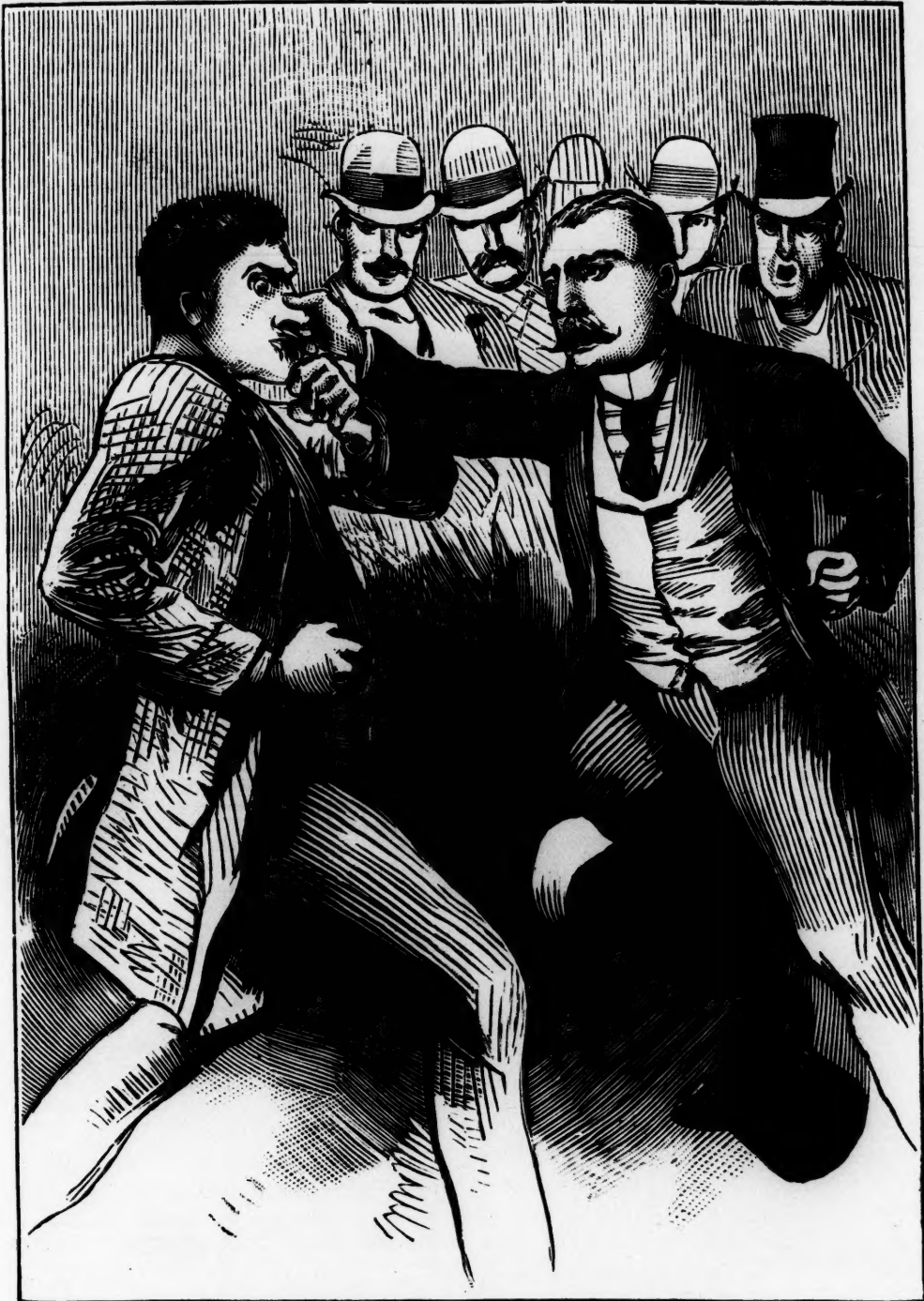
A DESPERATE WOMAN'S RECKLESSNESS.

MRS. DUNCAN OF HARPER, KANSAS, ATTEMPTS TO RIDDLE GEORGE COX WITH BULLETS, AND IS NOT A BAD SHOT.



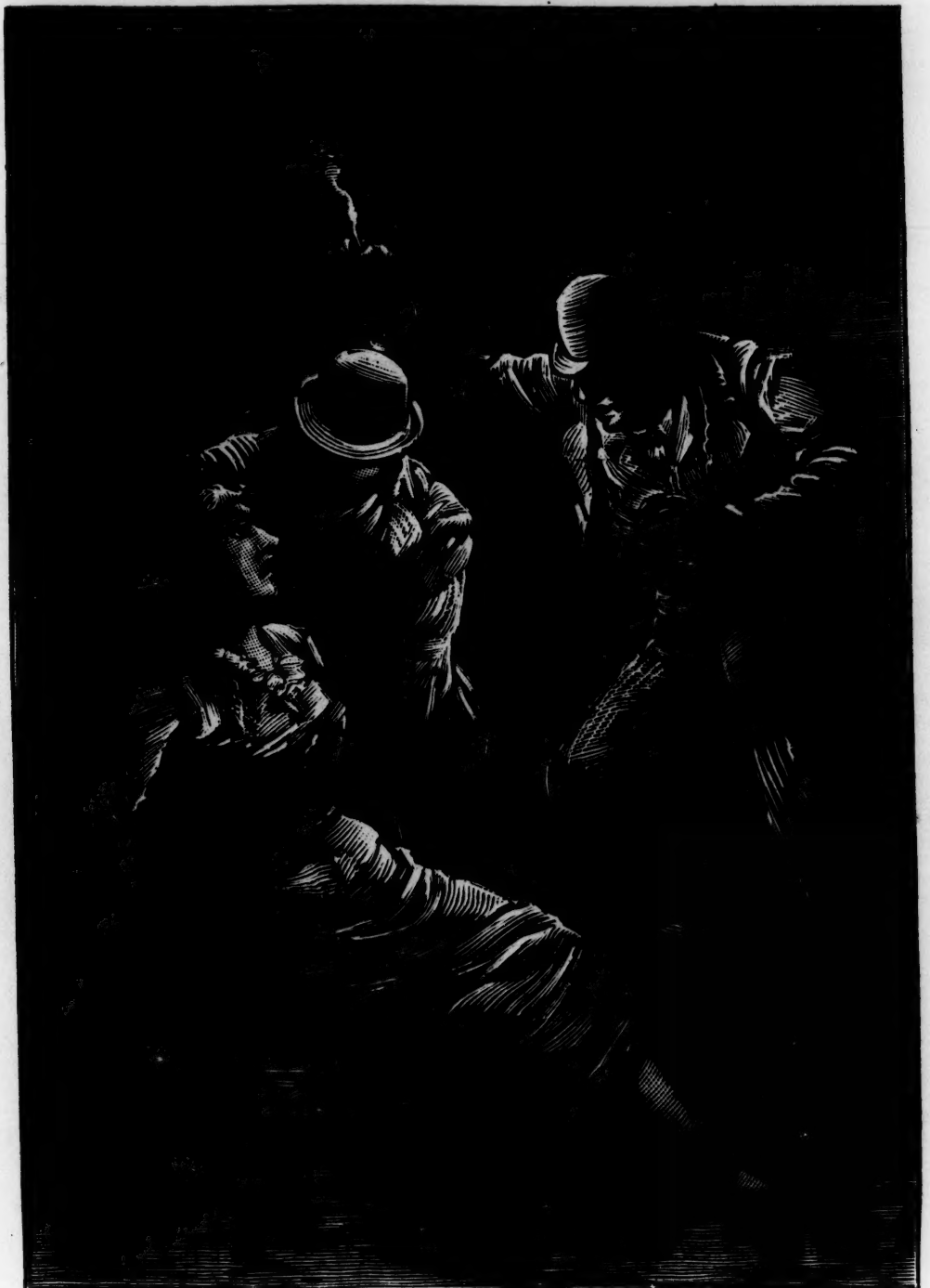
MOBBED ON THE STAGE.

DR. LANDIS, A WOULD-BE TRAGEDIAN, GETS A ROUGH RECEPTION FROM AN UNBULY CROWD IN A PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.



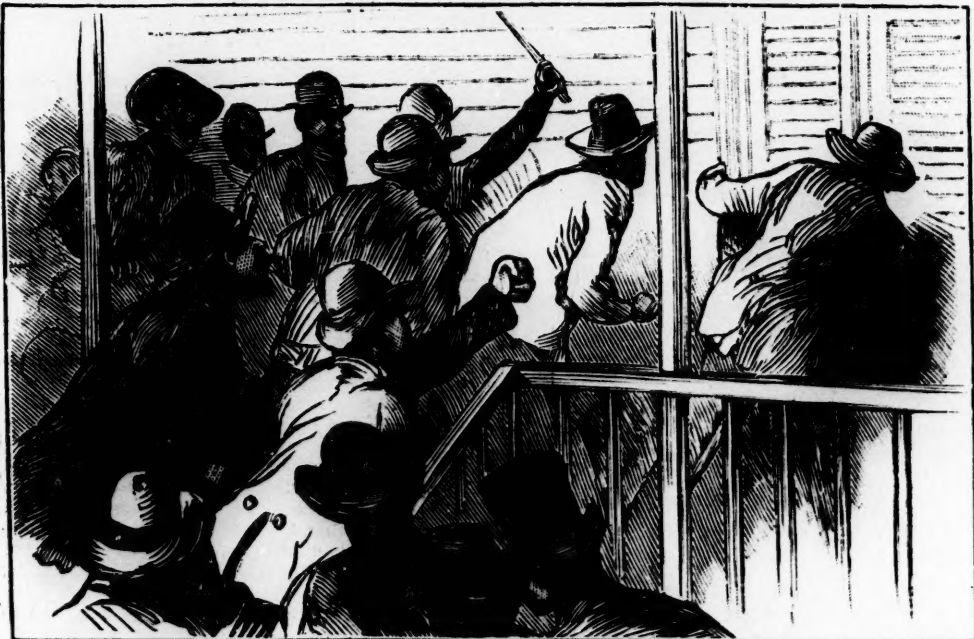
TWEAKED TRUMBRIDGE'S NOSE.

THE LIVELY SCRIMMAGE WHICH ED. STOKES, THE PROPRIETOR OF THE HOFFMAN HOUSE, HAD WITH AN ANTAGONIST IN A LAW SUIT.



WHO DID THE DEED?

THE FINDING OF MARY WOOD'S BODY UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES SUGGESTING FOUL PLAY, DEVELOPS A DANBURY, CONN., MYSTERY.



HE CUT THEM OUT.

C. D. TWOMBLEY PROVES HIMSELF A BOSS MASHER AT TORRINGTON, CONN., AND GETS ROUGHLY TREATED BY JEALOUS RIVALS.



SHOT DEAD AT HIS GATE.

MISS ALICE LOCKWOOD IS AN INVOLUNTARY WITNESS OF THE COWARDLY MURDER OF FARMER ANDREW J. PECK NEAR BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

THE VILLAIN.

Very Naughty Allegations
Against an Akron,
Ohio, Man.

HE POSED AS A SAINT,

But Was a Wicked Despoiler of Female
Virtue.

A MORAL LEPER.



OR some time past a highly sensational suit has been cooking at Akron, O., but it required a church trial and a divorce suit to bring out the facts, and which now being known set out a prominent merchant, a man who has always worn a robe of sanctity about him, as a fit subject for the severest punishment of a gang of White Caps. This man is Lyman Avery Barmore, who for many years did business in Fredonia, N. Y., and who is widely known in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. He came to Akron about a year ago, and was received as a reputable citizen; in fact, he was thought to be a man of unusual charity, even beyond the ordinary human being. He soon joined the Congregational Church, and was one of its pillars. He was received by the best people of Akron, and his enormous furniture house, which he started, flourished. He was known to be a widower of about two years' standing, and was about fifty years of age. He soon won the hand and heart of Miss Ella Taplin, a young lady from one of the foremost families of Akron and about ten months ago the twin were married. With these nuptials the dark side of this man's life began revealing itself until he had been shown to be a man so bad that the dual character of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is fairly outdone. Terrible stories about this man's past career began piling up thick and fast, and a church committee was appointed to investigate.

Soon after Mr. Barmore came here he was joined by a very pretty young lady named Lizzie Herkett, then not more than eighteen years of age, who acted as his housekeeper. In a few months she disappeared, and it is now known that she went to Cleveland and had an abortion performed, and in a short time thereafter died at her home in Dunkirk, N. Y. It has also been learned, and is admitted by Mr. Barmore himself, that he was the father of a child by this same girl when she was but sixteen years of age, and while his first wife was still living, and he a "stainless" member of a Fredonia, N. Y., church. Before the birth of their first child, which is now living with Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Knoble, No. 335 Dave street, Cleveland, where Barmore supports it, as is said, in a meager manner, Lizzie Herkett suddenly disappeared from Dunkirk, N. Y., and before the finger of shame pointed toward her, and, as is now known, was sent into the country to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Liehrs, near Doylestown, Wayne county, Ohio, where she gave birth to their first-born, and which was subsequently taken to the Knoble home in Cleveland.

After these facts became known, and because of Mr. Barmore's inhumanity by inordinate desires almost to the death of his last wife, she sued him for divorce, which has just been granted on the ground of extreme cruelty, and an award of \$2,500 as alimony was allowed. During this trial Barmore was drawn out on his past record, which opened the way to a letter that Mr. Barmore denies ever having received, but which, in an excited moment in his testimony, he referred to, to fix the date of his wife's death. This letter was written by Lizzie Herkett, after she left here to go to Cleveland to have the abortion performed, and in it she tells a terribly sad story that should live as a lesson to many a wayward girl. So much of it as can be admitted to print reads as follows, the address being to Mr. Barmore:

"CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 8, 1887,
Tuesday, 11 A. M.

"DEAR FRIEND AVERY: This will perhaps seem strange to you, but let me write to you just this once. Well, I have had an operation performed this morning, and if you could see me in my agony and pain you would surely pity me. I did not want to put it off any longer, so Miss K. went with me. I had to stand up in his office. [Here a full and detailed description of the terrible operation performed is given.] I had to lie right down after that, and can assure you I suffered. I was not able to walk home again, and had not Miss K. been with me would never have got home. I am writing this in bed now. I have tried to be up, but everything turns green and black before my eyes, and a chill passes over me which makes it very uncomfortable. It will take a day or two. The doctor charged me only \$5 for the work. [Here other items of expense are enumerated.] The doctor said he would call at 4 P. M. and see what I was doing. He said he would get me out all right. I must be careful or I will surely die. It is done now, and I must take what comes. I have prayed earnestly for help in this matter, and I think my prayers have been answered so far, but I am afraid I am going to be very sick. I rather expected you up Sunday, but then I thought expenses were large enough now, and you would have to save for me. This money will hold out now, I think. You can figure up my account at your own leisure, and balance it to the day I quit, so we will know

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how we stand. I forgot to see about it before leaving. * * * I don't think I will be able to get away before Monday at the earliest, but I want to get away Saturday if possible. You can not imagine how weak I am now from the pain I have endured. *

* * * I don't know when I will get home, perhaps never. I am running a great risk now; it is for life or death. I hope and pray it will come out all right, for I would not die with my soul full of sin; but I mean to do better for your sake and mine. I will honestly try, and I know I can if you will not torment me. I thought of you on the 5th a great deal, but did not think it best

to write to you about it. I knew you would think of it and I sympathized with you. I know that you must have felt very lonely. It seemed too cruel to take her away from you, but he knew what was best, and, perhaps, it was for your good. She certainly set a good example for you. Would that I could feel as she did and not fear death. I was happy once, pure and innocent. How often I have regretted the past; many bitter tears have I wept, only to go on and live the same wicked life over again. I am not punished too severe for this. I am willing to endure all the pain if the Lord spares me this time. I have set my heart never to sin before the sight of God in this way again. When I look at our poor, innocent child here I feel as though I was not fit to live, and yet he is happy. Perhaps when he learns the truth he may never forgive his wicked parents; but we must, if possible, bring him up to be an honor to us both. I must stop now. I am all tired out. Good-by.

LIZZIE."



PUTS HER STORY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Judge of Summit county, presided, and of which Trial Committee Henry Young, O. W. Hale, N. L. Glover and Nathan Morse were the members. To bring the matter fairly before this court of inquiry, R. B. Walker, J. N. Baldwin and J. H. Seymour, members of the Akron Congregational Church and leading citizens here, preferred the following charges:

"TO THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF THE CITY OF AKRON, OHIO: The undersigned, a committee appointed by the church to investigate rumors affecting the moral character and good name of Lyman A. Barmore, a brother member of the church, and to report the result of our investigations, having made our report, do now, in pursuance of the instructions of the church, prefer the following charges against the said Lyman A. Barmore:

"First Charge—Scandalous conduct and improper familiarity with women while a member of the Presbyterian Church in Fredonia, N. Y.



TICKLED HER UNDER THE CHIN.

Mr. Barmore denies ever having received this letter, though, as is sworn to by the person, it was found among his letters in his private room, and expert bookkeepers swear that the original is in the handwriting of this unfortunate girl, who formerly kept Mr. Barmore's books. As to the abortion, Mr. Barmore says that he is not guilty, and insists that he advised against it, but admits that he offered to marry the girl before she went to Cleveland to have the operation performed. On the score of all this adultery and criminal

relations Mr. Barmore, in the church trial, admitted that he was an adulterer, but justified himself by saying that every man in Akron did the same thing; that Beecher had been weak in the flesh, and insisted that the first child by this girl, who died soon after the above letter was written, was not an act of adultery, but that it was born of love.

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good name, which committee made a report as follows: "That the charge of improper familiarity was sustained by their investigations, and that in one instance this improper familiarity was understood by the young woman to amount to criminal solicitation; that Barmore denies any such intent, but acknowledged indiscretion and promised reform."

"Second Charge—That said Barmore, while being a member of said Presbyterian Church, and living with his wife in Fredonia, was an immoral man and an adventurer.

"Specifications: That said Barmore in the year 1884, then being a married man and living with his wife in Fredonia, and having in his employ a young girl, Lizzie Herkett, then about fifteen years of age and unmarried, said Barmore then being about forty-seven years of age, he, the said Barmore, did have illicit sexual intercourse with said Lizzie; that she became pregnant by him and gave birth to a bastard child on or about the 10th day of February, 1885, of which child said Barmore was the father; that all the acts herein before specified were performed during the life of said Barmore's wife, whose death occurred on or about Feb. 5, 1886.

"Third charge—That the criminal and sad ending of the life of said Lizzie Herkett, and the probable connection of said Barmore therewith, are witness to and fruit of his continued immoral life.

"Specifications: The said Lizzie came to Akron about May, 1886, and continued in the employ of said Barmore as his book-keeper until about Feb. 1, 1887, when, being again pregnant, she went to Cleveland, when she submitted to a criminal instrumental operation upon her person, advising said Barmore of the nature and partial effect of said operation and amount of money paid for same; that she went thence to her mother's home in Dunkirk, N. Y., where she died March 7, 1887, presumably from the effects of said operation and exposure."

A fourth charge holds him up as "a deceiver" before the church, gaining membership as a man of good, moral character, and withholding all knowledge of the foregoing charges and specifications.

At this trial, which was held in the Congregational Church with closed doors, E. W. Stuart, Esq., appeared on behalf of the church, and L. D. Waters, Esq., for Mr. Barmore.

The Court, after due deliberation, made a report, in which, after setting forth how the charges were preferred and stating that Mr. Barmore was duly summoned to appear and was given a fair and impartial hearing, set forth the following findings:

"We find from the evidence that the facts alleged in first charge and its specifications are true to the extent of the report made by the committee appointed by the church at Fredonia; that in consequence of the reformation at the time promised by the accused, his delinquency for the time being apparently forgiven by the church there, and the matter kept from the church records; that the promise thus made as a condition precedent to such forgiveness has, in fact, been broken by him, and that, while we can properly take no cognizance of any offense against another church as such, we deem ourselves guilty of no impropriety in passing upon this particular accusation in its obvious and necessary relations to the fourth charge. * * * Finding, therefore, that the specification of the first charge is proved, and that the specification fairly supports the charge, we are constrained to find the accused guilty of the same.

"The allegations of the second charge, and if its supporting specifications are admitted by the accused to be true, with the single exception of the age of Lizzie Herkett, while, as the proof discloses, was, at the time he begot the child therein named, sixteen years and nine months instead of about fifteen years. We therefore find him guilty of this charge.

"We do not find the third charge to be true in its entirety, but we do find in regard to it as follows: That Lizzie Herkett came to Akron at the time charged; that she continued in the employment of the accused up to the time of her final departure from that place, when she went to Cleveland for the purpose of submitting to a criminal instrumental operation upon her person, first advising the accused of her intentions in that behalf; that she did so submit to such operation and wrote to the accused all the particulars thereof, and that she went thence to the home of her mother in Dunkirk, N. Y., where she died a month later, in March, 1887. We find the foregoing facts from the admissions of the answer and without reference to any other testimony. He does not indeed admit that he was the author of the pregnancy last referred to, but from his refusal to deny the same when asked directly, and from his statement that the girl advised him of her trouble just before going to Cleveland, whereupon he offered to marry her, no room is left for doubt of his responsibility for her then condition.

"The accused denies the receipt by him of the letter whereby the girl informs him, with many pitiful and disgusting details, of her awful experience in Cleveland, but the proof conclusively refutes his denial. The report further goes to show that the girl's death was returned as 'typhoid malaria,' and that the committee refuse to find that it was from the effects of the abortion. The committee also relieves Mr. Barmore of the charge of being responsible for this death, but finds him guilty of the rest of the third charge."

The fourth charge is held against him, and the committee concludes that the "only course consistent with the welfare of the church, with sound ecclesiastical polity and wholesome discipline, must dictate a severance of the accused with your body, and a majority of us therefore recommend his expulsion from the church." Mr. O. W. Hale was the dissenting member, he favoring another term of probation of this heartless man, but the church did its work and excommunicated him.

The effect of all these findings and his exposure, which is now the gossip of a big part of three States, where Barmore is well known, has but little effect on him, and he walks about with his head as high as that of a stallion going to a country fair.

HER BRAVE BATTLE FOR LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A pet wolf belonging to Adolph Houser, Lincoln, Neb., broke loose recently and a little daughter of Mr. Houser noticed that the wolf was loose and called to her sister, Mrs. Archie Weeks, to come and catch him. Before Mrs. Weeks had reached the spot the animal had attacked the little girl, biting and tearing the flesh on her leg in three or four places. Mrs. Weeks came to the rescue, and the wolf left the child and sprang upon her, fastening its teeth in her arm and clinging there for some time. Although Mrs. Weeks called for help the neighbors were afraid to interfere. Her encounter with the maddened brute was a most fierce one, but she at last succeeded in driving him away, not, however, until she had been severely lacerated by his sharp teeth.

OGLED THE GIRLS

He Tried to Mash
Everything in
Petticoats.

HIS LAST VICTIM.

How John Martin Shied, of Wil-
liamsport, Pa., Carried a
Flirtation Too Far.

PRACTICED THE ART DECEPTIVE.



HE Breakfast Table, Williamsport, Pa., recently published the full and exclusive particulars of a big sensation that so far has been successfully suppressed from the newspapers by the parties interested. The matter was fully investigated the past week by a staff correspondent, and the details of the affair are only given publicly after satisfying himself that it was a matter of legitimate news.

A crime has been committed against the laws of the State of Pennsylvania; the accused is in jail; the injured one in the insane asylum in a delicate condition; the morals of the community corrupted, and several families dishonored. Under these circumstances, where both public and private interests have been outraged, it is the duty of every fearless journal to fully expose the villainy perpetrated. Upon these grounds, and these alone, is this publication made, and not with any malice or partiality for or against any of the parties concerned.

That respected and respectable persons are given unpleasant and painful notoriety is to be regretted, but thinking people always extend their hearty sympathies to the injured and the innocent. The latter, however, should not seek to cover over the deeds of a scoundrel, no matter how sore the trial to them. They owe a duty to the public in bringing rascals to justice just as much as do the press and the law. With these remarks the facts of the case in hand are presented as obtained from the most trustworthy sources.

Rev. Mr. Sturges, in his lifetime, was a well-known and able Presbyterian minister. He was pastor of churches at Renovo and White Deer, and had many friends in Williamsport. He died in the State of Delaware some years ago. His widow, now nearly eighty years of age, went to Watsonstown to reside, where her married daughter, Mrs. H. F. Algert, lives. A younger daughter, Bella, accompanied her mother, and led an exemplary life until quite recently. Bella is now about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. She is a fine looking girl and was greatly beloved by her friends. From the time she was several years old she was afflicted with falling fits at times, and by some it is claimed that her mental powers were impaired in consequence of their affliction. Other persons, however, dispute this point. Be that as it may, it is an undisputed fact that the Sturges family are eminently respectable and universally respected in Watsonstown and elsewhere, and in the unfortunate affair that has befallen them they are not censured or scorned. The public sympathizes with them.

John Martin Shied is a machinist by trade, and a masher by occupation. He was married about nineteen years ago to his present wife, and is forty-five or fifty years of age. For the past year he has been employed at his trade in the Watsonstown Car Works, while the residence of himself and wife is in the rear of No. 636 Elizabeth street, this city. Mrs. Shied, his wife, is not at home at present, being on a visit to her friends somewhere in Bucks county. It was Mr. Shied's custom to come to his home in this city every week or two and spend Sunday here. He has a married son, residing on Washington street, and is a grandfather into the bargain.

For the first few months of Shied's residence in Watsonstown he haunted the rooms of the Women's Christian Temperance Union night after night, and succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good graces of the susceptible sisters. He appeared to be a great reader, and was a great student of nature in general—human nature and the "human form divine" in particular. But the Prohibition sisters finally discovered Shied to be a wolf in sheep's clothing and turned the cold shoulder to him. He drifted from their fold to the street corners where he tried to ogle the girls as they promenaded up and down Main street of an evening. His true character soon became known and he was put down as a confirmed masher. He would try to mash almost anything that wore petticoats upon the slightest provocation.

Some months ago Shied scraped up an acquaintance with Belle Sturges in some way or another. He was known to her, however, as Martin John Shied, and he represented himself as an unmarried man. They met clandestinely for a time, but growing bolder he had the impudence to visit Miss Sturges at her own home where he practiced those arts of deception that finally wrought such ruin.

Mrs. Sturges objected to the attentions Shied was paying to her daughter, and so one day not long ago, she told him that her Bella was crazy—or words to that effect. Shied repeated this to the girl and it made her so angry that she gave her aged mother a terrible beating. The old lady was only saved from serious injury by the timely arrival of neighbors, who took the infuriated girl away from the prostrate form of her mother. At another time Bella went off on a tangent. She locked up the house and would let no one in for two days. Mr. Holopeter, in attempting to secure an entrance into the house, was mauled and kicked by the girl. The siege was only raised by means of strategy,

and it was after this that Bella became so violent in her manner that her mental condition was inquired into.

About two weeks ago she was taken to the State Insane Asylum at Danville. She was conveyed there in a carriage, and it required the strength and assistance of four men to do it. She was placed in a ward there, under the care of Dr. Schultz, the superintendent, upon the certificate of Doctors Marsh and McClure.

After Bella's incarceration in the asylum Shied hit upon the brilliant idea of securing her release upon a

Sunbury by Constable McKee on the afternoon train and lodged in jail there, where he now is. On his way down Shied made a general denial of the charges to McKee and said that it was all "spitework" on the part of Mrs. Algert.

The complaint made by Mrs. Algert is substantiated by the following affidavit made by Bella Sturges a few days ago, and received by the authorities at Watsonstown, after Shied had been arrested on the original warrant:

"I, F. Bella Sturges, hereby declare the fact that I



HE WAS A DANDY.

writ of habeas corpus, for the purpose, it is presumed, of enjoying his attentions to her unmolested. He employed Lawyers Scarlet and Angle, of Danville, for that purpose, but Judge Archibald, of Scranton, acting for Judge Elwell, of Columbia county, denied the writ, and remanded Bella back to the asylum. The court held that her condition was such that she was not entitled to be released.

While these proceedings were pending, Mrs. Algert, Bella's sister, swore out a warrant before R. H. McCormick, a justice of the peace at Watsonstown, charging Shied with adultery, fornication and bastardy. Shied was arrested Friday evening, June 1, by Constable John McKee and held in \$500 bail for a hearing. Shied telegraphed to his brother-in-law, P. W. Keller, a Lock Haven saloonkeeper, to bail him out, but Mr. Keller kept his hands off. Last Saturday afternoon a hearing

was held in a family way; that this condition is a result of sexual intercourse with Martin J. Shied, an employee of the Watsonstown car shops, and that this sexual connection between myself and the said Martin J. Shied occurred in the parlor of my mother's residence in Watsonstown, Northumberland county, State of Pennsylvania, the date thereof I am unable to recall. The inducement he held out to me was that such connection or intercourse would have a tendency to cure my fits or spasms. Sworn and subscribed before me this first day of June, 1888.

C. P. GEARHART, J. P.
F. BELLA STURGES.
(Signed)
There is but little doubt of Shied's guilt. It is an aggravated case, and if convicted it will doubtless go hard with him, as the friends of the unfortunate girl are determined to push it just as far as the law will permit them. The penalty on conviction of adultery



DEMENTED BELLA CONVEYED TO THE DANVILLE ASYLUM.

was given Shied before Squire McCormick and the evidence was such as to warrant him being held for the September term of court in Northumberland county. S. M. McCormick of Lock Haven, Lorenzo Everett of Watsonstown and Mr. Hinkle of Danville appeared for the complainant. The defendant was not represented by counsel and in default of \$500 bail he was taken to

ONE DOLLAR sent to this office will pay for a three months' trial subscription to the "Police Gazette." Agents wanted wherever there is no regular newsdealer. Catalogue of our Illustrated Books mailed free on application.

A DESPERATE MAN SHEDS BLOOD.
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
The wife of Geo. Herkimer, of Eau Claire, Wis., proprietor of a knit goods factory, left her husband last Wednesday and went to Fairchild, a village thirty miles from Eau Claire, taking her baby with her. She

claimed her husband did not provide for her and the child, and she took refuge with her sister, Mrs. Thompson, at Fairchild. Herkimer subsequently went to Thompson's house in a very excited condition, and insisted on seeing Mrs. Herkimer, who finally consented to talk with Herkimer in the kitchen. No sooner had the kitchen door been closed than Herkimer pulled a revolver, shot his wife in the breast, and immediately shot himself in the right temple. The occupants of the house rushed into the kitchen and found Herkimer stone dead and Mrs. Herkimer lying on the floor in a pool of blood. She is still alive. Herkimer is believed to have been insane at the time of committing these bloody acts.

WHO DID THE DEED?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two men were taking a short cut home Saturday night at Danbury, Conn., when the midnight stillness was suddenly broken by a piercing cry, followed quickly by a loud splash. There was not a darker or more lonesome spot in town than where they stood. They both ran forward, and a few yards above the bridge crossing the Housatonic river they could distinguish a form lying partly in the water. They scrambled down onto some stones near by and found the unconscious form of a woman. One succeeded in raising her up, and by the help of his companion drew her up on the shore. From several wounds in her head the blood flowed profusely, staining the rocks and ground a deep red. She was subsequently recognized as Mary Wood. The woman had been assaulted and choked, after which her unconscious form had been thrown in the water. She was dead.

THE SNARE WOULDN'T WORK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Teresa Coleman, of this city, recently reported to the Boston police that she had been abducted from her home and taken to a house of ill-repute in that city, but had succeeded in effecting her escape on discovering the true character of her surroundings. She says she answered an advertisement in a New York newspaper for a companion, and that in accordance with the advertisement she called at room No. 16 in the Gilsey House, and, as directed, inquired for Mrs. Gilbert. This was two weeks ago last Thursday, the day the advertisement was published. She was engaged by Mrs. Gilbert and accompanied her to the Fall River boat, which left New York last Thursday night. Mrs. Gilbert took her to a house in Boston, where she saw a number of young ladies of doubtful character. A servant told her the house was bad, when she fled to avoid the consequences of tarrying in such a place.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About two weeks ago a lady, dressed in an elegant silk gown, rushed into the primitive little post office at Burlington, N. J., and, dumping a bundle of miscellaneous literature down on the postmaster's desk, said in tones that denoted anger and disgust:

"There, Mr. Lippincott: I will sue you if you don't keep this trash out of my box! I want you to know that I do not have to use 'lily white' or any other cosmetic for my complexion! I'm not handsome, but prefer to go around with the skin of the color that nature gave me. Here's another. I don't want any wash to cure baldness. I'm not bald, sir. I am satisfied with my growth of hair."

The fair complainant was Miss Mary Halbrook, a wealthy lady of Burlington, and in consequence of the above incident the postmaster has been obliged to forward an exceedingly funny report to the Postmaster General.

SHOT DEAD AT HIS GATE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A startling tragedy was enacted on Saturday near Bridgeport, Conn. Andrew J. Peck, a wealthy farmer, fifty-five years old, was shot dead by some person as yet unknown, though suspicion points strong to Rudolph Stoffel, a German, who had a quarrel with Peck the day before the murder. Peck fell across the path as Alice Lockwood, the woman of the house, came to the door. Peck said: "Allie, Allie, I am shot. Rudolph did this." In three or four minutes he was dead.

A LUCKY WIDOW.

A Weaver in the Woolen Mills Wins a \$5,000 Prize.

A little woman who works in the Pioneer Woolen Mills has been very happy for the past three weeks. The cause of her joy she could not keep, and the news spread, and now the whole neighborhood knows that Mrs. Jennie Tiffany won \$5,000 at the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery.

An Examiner reporter asked for her at the woolen mills yesterday.

A healthy, bright-eyed, pleasant-faced young woman, whose hands were covered with indigo stains, came out of the weaving room and introduced herself as the person sought for.

She said that she had two coupons for the drawing, and both drew prizes, one \$5,000 and the other \$50. "Were you surprised when you learned of your winning?" asked the reporter.

"Of course it excited me some, but it wasn't exactly a surprise. I've been very lucky in the lottery. I've played it fourteen months, one or two tickets a month, and I have won seven prizes—once \$5 and several times \$10, \$20 and \$50. Everybody said that I'd win a big prize if I kept on, and I did."

"What will you do with your money?"
"I've already put it in the bank," she replied, with a shrewd look; "half in one bank and half in another, so that if even one busts I won't lose it all. I don't know whether I'll invest it all. May be I will."

She laughed at a suggestion that \$5,000 could give her a pleasanter life than she had been following, and answered that she would not change her style of living. "I moved into larger rooms and got a few extra things," she said, "but I do not intend to quit work here or anything of that kind. I make from \$30 to \$35 a month here, and I don't know any reason why I should give it up."

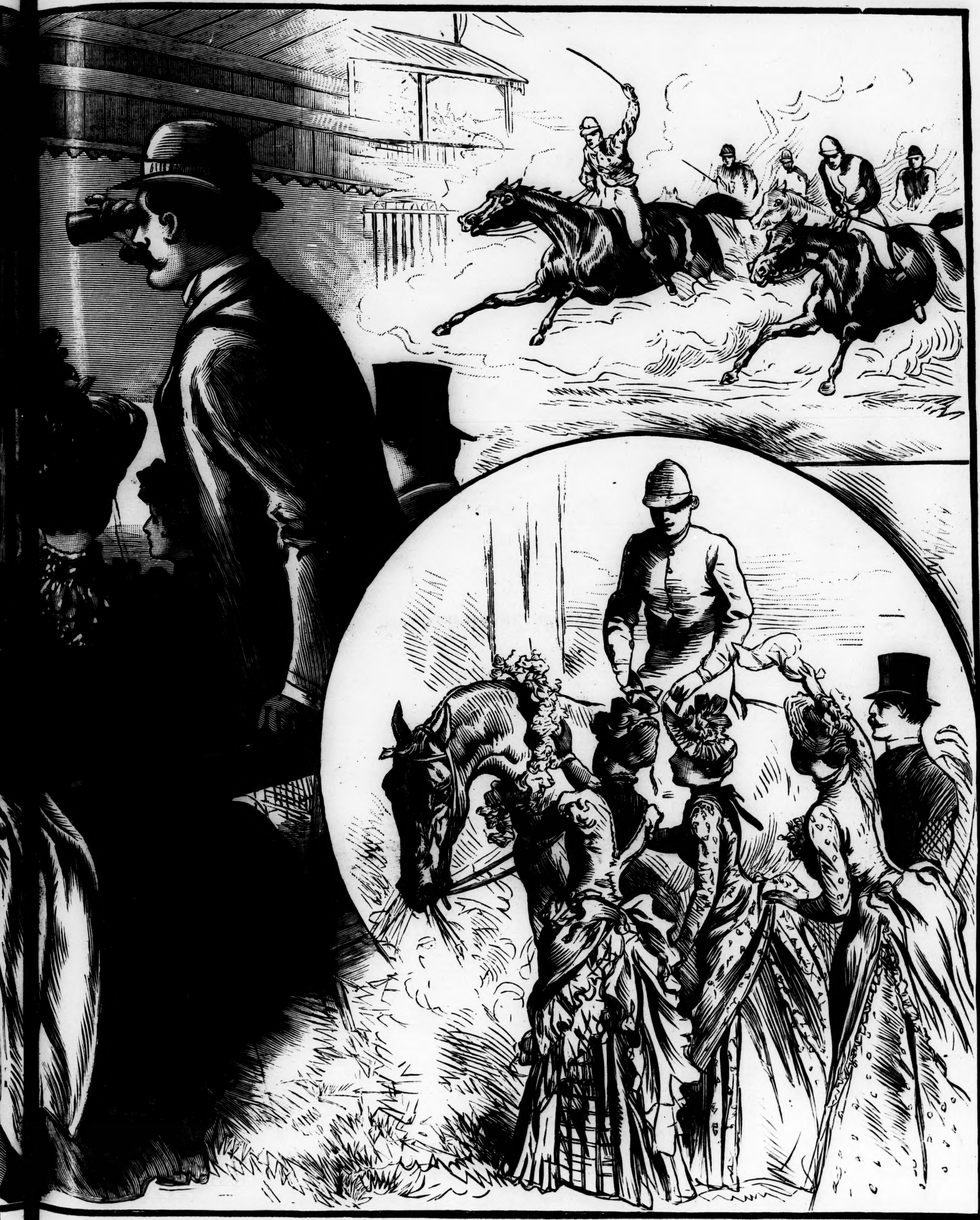
Mrs. Tiffany is a widow, with one child. She has also supported her aged mother, to whom she has given \$1,000 of her new fortune.—San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner, June 2.

ONE DOLLAR sent to this office will pay for a three months' trial subscription to the "Police Gazette." Agents wanted wherever there is no regular newsdealer. Catalogue of our Illustrated Books mailed free on application.



THE GREAT RACE FOR THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP, RUN AT SHEEPSHEAD HAY, JU

AMERICA'S SENSATIONAL



SADONAL TURF EVENT.

ADAY, JUNE 14. SURPRISES THE SWELLEST SPORTING CROWD OF THE SEASON.

PUGILISTIC.

Jack Williams Gets a Rousing Benefit in the Boston Gymnasium.

SHEEDY GIVES SULLIVAN A RUB.

Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, was at the Suburban race. He played fire, but while he did not win, he got a good run for his money.

George Moore and Ed Pergole, both of this city, fought an eight round contest recently. The contest was won by Pergole in 25 minutes.

A glove contest to a finish has been arranged between Fred Chandler, of Long Island, and Charles Brown, of this city, to take place in about two weeks, for a \$300 purse.

A 15-round glove contest has been arranged between "Cul" McCarthy, champion feather-weight of Jersey City, and P. Kearney, of Paterson. Two ounce gloves will be used. The fight is for a purse of \$200.

A match between Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, and Jack Bolan, of Cincinnati, has been made. The articles call for fifteen rounds under Queensberry rules, with small gloves, on the Toledo fair grounds, July 4. A guaranteed purse of \$800 is the stake.

Young Dempsey, of California, wants to fight Billy Myers. Bill will fight, but for nothing less than \$5,000. There is \$500 of Myers' money posted in Boston fairly aching to be covered by some of the Eastern light-weights. Evidently Myers means business.

Last week at Pittsburgh a glove contest took place between Mike Coburn and Jack Hanlon. They fought 3 rounds, which resulted in the defeat of Coburn. The contest was under Queensberry rules, with small gloves. The contest and stakes were awarded to Hanlon. The mill was for \$200 a side and receipts.

Mike Cleary, with his backer, Dick Toner, called at this office recently, and Toner announced he would match Cleary to meet Pete Nolan for \$1,000 a side, to meet either according to the "Police Gazette" or London prize ring rules in five or six weeks from signing articles. Cleary and Nolan recently fought for \$500 a side.

The Directors of the California Athletic Club, of San Francisco, send the following, which explains itself: RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Item going rounds that club adopted prices for talent. Board of Directors deny taking said action. Will offer purses and trophies each case may merit. DIRECTORS CALIFORNIA ATHLETIC CLUB.

John W. Fallon, the Brooklyn strong boy, who whipped "Reddy" Smith in a 74-round battle under prize ring rules, is anxious to again figure in the ring. This time he says he is prepared to fight Mike Cleary or Pete Nolan to a finish. Fallon is particularly anxious to meet Nolan, and says he will go to Cincinnati and will fight him there or elsewhere for a \$1,000 stake and gate receipts.

Four hundred persons attended Billy Madden's boxing tournament at the Oakland Rink, Jersey City, on June 11, and they were disappointed by the quality of the sparring. It was the first night of Billy Madden's boxing tournament, and fierce contesting was expected. The contestants of the evening were Martin McHugh and Tuck Hallen, J. W. Spence and Jack Farrell, and Jim Carroll and H. Vernon.

At San Diego, Cal., on June 1, Charlie Kelly and James Pierce, middle-weights, fought according to London prize ring rules for \$500. In the 11th round, during one of the rushes, Pierce struck Kelly's forearm and turned his wrist, spraining it severely, so that it was impossible for him to go on with the contest, and though his seconds tried to bolster him up, he would not go on, and said so, to the disgust of his backers.

The final arrangements for the Boston annual Fourth of July regatta were made Monday at the "Hub," when it was decided that the following should constitute the day's racing: Single scull shell, professional; single scull shell, junior amateur; four-oared working boat, professional; four-oared working boat, amateur; eight-oared shell, amateur. All of the races will be three miles with a turn, except the eight-oared shell, which will be one and a half miles straightaway.

A desperate prize fight, for a purse of \$200, between Jack Ryan, of Providence, and Joe O'Day, of Brooklyn, was fought in this city on June 9. O'Day had the best of the fighting, and in the 6th round Ryan gave up. Just then the police arrived and there was a panic among the crowd. Very nearly all escaped by making good use of their legs, but the fighters, with Joe Fowler, ex-champion feather-weight of England, and Tom Smith, were captured. They were arraigned before Justice Smith, at the Tombs, and after a hearing they were held for ex-minution. They will be tried under the laws against prize fighting.

At Providence, R. I., on June 11, Paddy Duffy of Boston met Paddy Sullivan of Lowell in a 10-round contest, for a \$250 purse. Jess Brown was referee. Duffy had the best of the opening round. She second round opened fiercely. Duffy swung a hard right in the opening of the third. Sullivan retaliated and almost got a knock-down. The ropes saved Duffy from the fall. In the fourth Sullivan became groggy after a fierce assault by Duffy, who might have finished the contest in the round. Forty-four seconds of fighting in the eighth round finished the match. Sullivan was fought all over the ring, and he quit, saying: "I've got enough."

Joe Manning, Boston, and Alf Kilbride, of Leicester, were matched to meet for \$100, London prize ring rules, at Leicester, England, did not do so. A London sporting paper says: "Manning was arrested near his own home, taken before the magistrate and charged with contemplating a breach of the peace. Manning was bound over in £40 bail and two sureties of £20 each. This, of course made a hitch in the arrangements, which were that the men should meet within about ten miles of Lynn, in Norfolk. The gentleman who selected the spot was not present, and as the directions given were of a very vague description, extending over a large tract of country, the opposing parties failed to find each other at the appointed time, and each side returned from whence they started."

Pat Sheedy, who was manager for John L. Sullivan when the latter was a star and when his glove contests and exhibitions "shelled out" large dividends whereby both reaped a golden harvest, still stands by John L.—"In a horn." In proof of this we submit the following, from the New York *World*, June 15, which says: "Pat Sheedy was one of the interested ones at the Suburban race, but he found time to define his position in the Sullivan matter. He said that he never intended to again take up with John L., although he admitted that negotiations had been made to that end. That was done, he said, for a 'throw down' for Phillips, who, he believed, could not do Sullivan any good, and to enable some one to get the 'big fellow' who would make John do well enough to enable him to pay some money he owes to friends of Sheedy's in this city. Pat asserted that he had held his friends back from taking judgment and judging John L., but that now they were determined to get the money, and that John runs the risk of being arrested for debt whenever he comes to this city."

Sheedy gives John L. another blast, as may be seen by the following from the N. Y. *Telegram*: Since John L. Sullivan returned to this country from his European tour it has been repeatedly stated that "Pat" Sheedy would again assume the management of the "Big Fellow" and would start on a money-making tour through this country. "I will never have anything more to do with John L. Sullivan," said Mr. Sheedy to-day.

"If Sullivan were to get down on his knees in the middle of the street and ask me to stake him I would refuse."

Mr. Sheedy said that the real cause of their trouble was that

Sullivan persisted in contracting immense tailor bills in New York, which he left for his manager to settle. Sheedy paid a tailor firm \$1,000, and Sullivan still owes them \$800. They are now ready to seize the pugilist and hold him to account.

"But Sullivan came here to receive a benefit at the Academy of Music only a few weeks ago and was not arrested," suggested the reporter.

"I went to the tailor's," said Mr. Sheedy, "and told them that Sullivan was coming here and would be tendered a benefit. I told them that if they would allow the big fellow to go on with it a large amount of money would be taken in and they would in all probability be paid. They did so, but, as every man knows, there wasn't enough money taken in at the door to pay expenses."

Suddenly says he has also been asked to join Sullivan in the circus business, but he would have nothing to do with it.

The last issue of the "Sporting Life" to hand contains the following advertisement:

THE WASHINGTON MUSIC HALL,
YORK ROAD, BATTERSEA.
Three Minutes' Walk from Battersea and Five from Clapham Junction Stations.
Proprietors, Messrs. G. W. MOORE & SON.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT!
FOR
SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

Commencing MONDAY, MAY 28, 1888.

OF
CHARLES MITCHELL,
(The Champion Boxer of England),

Who lately fought a draw with the Great Fistic Marvel of America,

And thereby gaining the laurels and lowering the colors of the great

JOHN L. SULLIVAN;

and
JAKE KILRAIN
(The Champion of America),

And who still holds
The English Championship,

JEM SMITH,
Who have been engaged at an enormous expense

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY.

And who will positively make their Last Appearance at any Music Hall in London prior to their departure for AMERICA.

The proposed great flat encounter between Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, and Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, who were matched to fight for \$7,000 in August at San Francisco, is "off." It is no fault of Mike Conley's, or his backer's, J. D. Hayes, as will be seen by the following special, which explains itself:

ASHLAND, Wis., June 15, 1888.
RICHARD K. FOX: Impediments to the final arrangements and signing of articles for the great national fight between Mike C. Conley and Joseph McAuliffe for \$2,500 a side and a purse of \$2,000, offered by the California Athletic Club, have already begun to arise. The one which now prevents the signing of the articles is not a very serious one, but may delay the fight until September or October, whereas it should take place in August. The reason for this is that McAuliffe, the Pacific Coast champion, has a badly sprained wrist. He got it in the fight with Frank Glover, and his physician says it is a bad hurt. There is not the slightest reason to doubt but that the Pacific Coast champion is acting "on the square," this is evidently no excuse, like that of Pat Killean and other big bluffers, to unnecessarily prolong the time. McAuliffe, at least, is honest in not signing the articles until he is ready to fight. The following letter has been received by J. D. Hayes, Conley's backer:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7, 1888.
I hereby certify that Mr. Joseph McAuliffe is at present under my care. I am attending him for a severe sprain of the right wrist joint. At the time of the receipt of the injury there was a partial dislocation of the carpal bones forming the wrist. It is impossible for any person to say positively when recovery will be complete for obvious reasons. Mr. B. Farley has requested me to give the above certificate showing the uncertain position he is placed in at present and the foolishness of McAuliffe should he engage in any contest at present. Respectfully,
JAMES STANTON, M. D.,
Coroner's Office,
San Francisco, Cal.

J. D. Hayes has written to McAuliffe's backers, telling them that as soon as the Pacific Slope champion has recovered from the effects of the sprain to forward the articles of agreement for Conley to sign, the fight to occur thirty days after the signing of the same.

A number of admirers of the manly art assembled at the gymnasium on Way street, Boston, on June 13, to witness a series of three bouts, which were given as a benefit to Jack Williams, instructor of the Athenian Club. George Dixon was billed to put on the gloves for a six-round battle with young Brackett. Paddy Duffy and Dick Moorhouse were to contest for the same number of rounds, and the event of the evening was to be a six-round go between the beneficiary and Kenny. The two latter contests resulted in draws, but in the first, Dixon, who has defended the title of champion bantam weight for some time, succeeded in besting his antagonist. The secretary of the Athenian was chosen referee, and shortly after eight o'clock he climbed into the ring, followed by Dixon and Brackett. Both were colored. The first round was a hot one. There was much clinching, and, in fact, this clinching was kept up throughout the bout. It was a comparatively even thing for the first 3 minutes. He was met pretty well, however, and it was not until the third round that any apparent advantage was gained by him. Early in the round Brackett fell down, when Dixon said, "Why don't you stand up and fight?" This little fellow did, but it was clearly demonstrated in the two following rounds that Dixon was much the better of the two, and the battle was awarded to him. Following the pair came Paddy Duffy and Dick Moorhouse. Duffy fought and won a battle on Tuesday evening at Providence against Paddy Sullivan, of Lowell, but he fought, nevertheless, and fought well, notwithstanding the fact that he had an ugly-looking felon on the second finger of his left hand. Moorhouse did well, as will be seen from the following: Duffy was seconded by John Graham and Patsey Kerrigan, and the interest of Moorhouse were looked after by Jack McGee and Jack Havlin. Duffy started the ball by letting fly his left and landing on Moorhouse's mug, when there was a rush and Moorhouse, letting fly his left and right, landing one and then the other on Duffy's neck and sending the latter to his knees. Duffy jumped up laughingly and planted a hot one on Moorhouse's stomach. Both landed as the round closed. In the second Duffy forced the fighting, and had much the best of the round. The fourth and fifth rounds were lively and with honors about even. In the sixth round there were exchanges, upper cuts, clinches and plenty of swingers. Duffy seemed to have a little the best of the round. This made up for the knock-down in the first round, and the referee decided the contest a draw. The wind-up followed, and Kenny and Williams were loudly applauded as they stepped in the ring. Both were in excellent trim. Williams was seconded by Johnny Graham and Patsey Kerrigan, while Tom O'Rourke and Jack Havlin wielded the towel for the New Yorker. The six rounds sparred by these men were very clever, and, as both men are fast fighters, there was much work done, which proved surprising to many of the spectators, who had not imagined that any one outside of the "Spider" could be so quick with his hands. The great hold of both Kenny and Williams is their in-fighting, and much of that style of work was indulged in. At the close the referee decided the match a draw. Kenny's powers have been by no means tested, however, and the result of his battle with Johnny Griffin, of Braintree, is anxiously looked forward to.

LEADS THE SPORTING PAPERS.
The N. Y. "Dramatic News," the leading theatrical paper of America, in its issue of May 26 has the following: "The 'Police Gazette,' a ten-cent sporting journal, publishes at least four times as many copies as all the so-called sporting journals put together."

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SPORTING.

The Single-Scull Race at Gloucester, N. J., Between Hamm, Teemer, Hosmer and McKay.

TOM STERCK'S PROTEGE

Alec Roberts has posted \$50 with the "Sporting Life" in England, and agreed to fight Jim Goode for £100 a side or upward.

Edward Hanlan has defeated Edward A. Trickett three times, twice in England in 1880 and in 1882 for the championship of the world, and in Australia, 1883.

Paul Bauer's West Brighton Casino was opened at Coney Island on June 13. It seats 10,000, and Siegfried Cronhelm is the sole proprietor and manager.

The Hon. Peter Mitchell has placed before the public a betting and record book which is very useful to betting men who speculate on the turf. It is copyrighted and sells for fifty cents.

Marcus J. Jacobs, the son of H. B. Jacobs, the well-known proprietor of theatres, is now in a course of training for a 100 yard race for \$250 at Sayville, L. I., for his match with Albert, the celebrated sprinter of Toronto.

H. Lee Clarke, the sporting reporter of the sprightly *Baltimore Sun*, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on June 13. He came on to New York to find out when Jake Kilrain would return and to write up America's greatest turf event, the Suburban.

Frank Murphy, the English champion feather-weight, was tendered a benefit at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, on June 12. Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider; Joe Ashpon, Pete McCoy, Frank Anderson, Paddy Duffy, Patsy Kerrigan, Sylvie Burns and George Dixon appeared.

Steve McMaugh, of Providence, has arranged a fight, according to "Police Gazette" rules, between Jim Fell and Denny Kellher, of Quincy, Mass. He will give a purse of \$500 for the contest. Fell is now in Michigan, but will come east within a few weeks. Kellher will train near Providence.

The \$2,000 stakes put up in Ira A. Paine and F. E. Bennett revolver shooting contest are still held by the Boston Herald. It is understood that R. M. Pulsifer & Co., the stakeholders, after taking legal advice, informed them that the stakes would not be surrendered until after the secretary of the National Rifle Association, who, under the articles, was the final referee, had decided to whom the money belonged.

The annual regatta of the Virginia Association of Amateur oarsmen will be held on the Potomac at Alexandria, Wednesday, July 4, under the auspices of the Old Dominion Boat Club. The regatta committee is Francis Huffy, chairman; Albert Bryan, J. T. Burke, L. E. Uhler and Harry Smoot. The State races this year will be single shells, four-oared gigs, and barges, the latter being a new addition. The "open to all" races include junior and senior sculls, junior and senior four-oared shells, four-oared gigs, and double outriggers, the latter being confined solely to members of the O. D. B. C., of Alexandria. It is doubtful if they intend having an eight-oared race. Entries for the open races close on Monday, July 2, and must be addressed to Harry Yohs, Alexandria.

The "Sporting Life," London, England, says: "The result of the race between George Buebar and Charles Carr on the Tyne was a great blow to the Newcastle people, as it showed conclusively that the latter was not the wonder that they thought him to be. He has a great deal to learn before he can possibly be anything near a first-class sculler, and it is very doubtful whether he can ever be made one, as his physique is not of the kind from which they come." Who can tell but what Carr, when he rowed Buebar, was "stiff" or had been "stiffened," and in the next race he starts who can tell that he may not easily defeat Buebar or any other oarsman he may meet. Carr's performance with Buebar did not come up to the form he displayed with East last fall, and we are of the opinion that his race with Buebar was not the Newcastle sculler's true form.

William Byrd Page, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, has at last achieved the height of his ambition. At the recent annual games of the Stourbridge (England) Athletic Club in the running high jump he made a record of 6 feet 3 3/4 inches, clearing the bar easily in his first trial at that height. The previous highest amateur record in the world was 6 feet 2 1/2 inches, made by P. Davin, at Carreck-on-Suer, Ireland, July 5, 1880, and the best English amateur record was 5 feet 2 1/2 inches, by M. J. Brooks, of Oxford University, at Little Bridge Grounds, London, April 7, 1875. Davin is a man of more than average height, while Brooks was a Titan of 6 feet 2 inches, and both were of mature age and growth. Page is a lad of 140 pounds weight, 21 1/2 years of age, and 5 feet 6 3/4 inches in height. That so small and young a lad should achieve a world's record in a game requiring such combined strength and skill is little short of marvelous.

A correspondent writes us as follows from Melbourne, Aus., regarding the Australian light-weight championship, Peter Boland and Patrick Carroll, for £400: "The fight between Peter Boland and Patrick Carroll for the light-weight championship of Victoria for £200 a side came off near Dandenong, twenty miles from Melbourne. The whole affair was kept very quiet, and only the backers, supporters and a few friends were present. The first round was a really fine exhibition of science and skill, but in the second round Boland found an opening and made very effective use of his right in Carroll's face. Toward the twelfth round he showed signs of fatigue and went down repeatedly. It was evident at this stage that Boland must win. In the thirteenth round he came up somewhat dazed and Boland settled the match with a heavy blow from his right. Boland had only a few facial bruises, while Carroll was very badly marked."

Tom Sterck, the well-known and popular athletic teacher of Pittsburgh, Pa., has discovered a phenomenal young boxer. The youthful wonder is Tommy Hogan, of Pittsburgh. It is only two months since he first tried on a pair of gloves, and he is now matched to box Leonard, of Columbus, at Dayton, O., twenty rounds for \$1,000. Hogan has been tried against a well-known Pittsburgher. The latter was fully twenty pounds heavier than Hogan. The trial was one of the go-as-you-please order, and two rounds were fought, lasting twenty minutes. At the end of that time Hogan had his opponent settled. Hogan banged his antagonist all over the room, making the blood fly from his mouth and nose. Sterck is confident that his protege will soon be a first-class man. Certainly Sterck is able to teach him as he is an old-time ring fighter of great staying qualities and thorough knowledge of offense and defense.

The following explains itself:

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Sir: At a meeting of the crew of the yacht Richard K. Fox, held Tuesday evening, June 5, 1888, it was unanimously:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered you for the beautiful set of colors kindly presented by you for the use of the yacht, and that proper record be made in the minutes of the club of the generosity that prompted the gift. It was also

Resolved, That the members of the club individually and collectively see to it that the yacht that bears your honored name and flies the colors that call forth this vote of thanks, shall be so manned and rigged during the coming season that her record will be a glorious one, and victory flutter from every fold of her pennant. Thanking you again, we subscribe ourselves yours most respectfully.

Crew of the yacht Richard K. Fox.
(THOS. C. BAUGHAN,
C. W. BAUGHAN,
C. L. MERRICK,
E. E. COCHRAN,
FRANK MCCONNIN,
JOHN K. LOVELAND.)

The sculling contest which was arranged between William F. Conly, formerly of the Shawmut Rowing Club, and P. J. Buckley, of Salem, is to be for \$200 a side, and Conly concedes Buckley a start of 15 seconds, which is a big handicap for a man that can row as fast as the Salem sculler.

A 26-foot cutter yacht has been launched at Bure's yard, Newark. The yacht has been designed by M. J. Jacobs, the theatrical manager, on altogether new lines. She is now being fitted at Sayville, L. I. The yacht is intended as a present to the Newark Yacht Club, and is to be called the Amusement King.

The N. Y. "Star," June 17, publishes the following: "Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Fox sailed Saturday on the Cunarder Servia for an extended trip through Europe. Mr. Fox will see the 'Police Gazette' champ on Jake Kilrain, while in London, who, with Charley Mitchell, is expected to arrive in New York some time next month. Mr. Fox will doubtless combine business with pleasure, and will make arrangements while in London for some events in the sporting line that will be in keeping with his reputation. The substance of his interview with Kilrain will be outlined on the arrival of the champion in this country. There was a large number of friends at the steamer, prominent among whom were Mr. George Bartholomew, New York *Daily News*; Sam T. Jack, manager of the Lily Clay Company; W. E. Harding, Mr. J. O. Sherman, Mr. Lewis Rosenthal, Captain John Breslin, Mr. May of Howe & Hummel's office, and a large deputation of Mr. Fox's employees, who assembled to wish him 'bon voyage.' There was a large display of floral pieces, many of them very handsome. Those worthy of particular mention were a splendid vase about five feet high, presented by the employees of Mr. Fox; a very handsome floral steamer from Mr. George H. Engeman of Brighton Beach Racing Association, and a beautiful basket of flowers, the gift of Mr. George Bartholomew.

The single-scull race at Gloucester, N. J., on June 16 was a big success. About 15,000 persons were present. John Teemer, the holder of the "Police Gazette" challenge cup, George Hosmer, Albert Hamm and George McKay were the contestants. The course was one and a half miles down the Delaware river from a point opposite Gloucester City and return. The purse was \$1,000, of which the winner received \$600, the second man \$250 and the third man \$150. The start was advertised for 6 o'clock, but considerable delay was experienced in clearing the course, and it was almost 7 when the signal for the start was given. Teemer was the first away, and he showed clear of the others almost from the first stroke. Hamm held second place for about a mile, when he was passed by Hosmer. McKay followed in the rear. The four men passed the turning point in this order. Hamm, in turning, went around McKay's stakeboat instead of his own, and the latter in going around an instant later slightly scraped Hamm's shell and at once claimed a foul. The claim, however, was not allowed. Hamm started strongly after rounding the stake, but Teemer maintained his lead, and crossed the winning line in 21:40, about ten lengths ahead of Hosmer, whose time was 21:52. The latter finished about a length ahead of Hamm, who was three lengths advance of McKay.

The following events are scheduled, and the prospects are that oarsmen and canoeists will have a busy time this season:

June 23—Scullers' match, Henry Peterson vs. William Paine, \$2,000, Victoria, B. C.

June 23—Scullers' match, H. G. Peterson vs. C. Payne, Victoria, B. C.

July 3, 4—Passaic River Canoe Association regatta, Bayonne City, N. J.

July 4—People's Regatta, Philadelphia, Pa.

July 6, 7—Minneapolis and Winnipeg Amateur Rowing Association regatta, Lake Minnetonka.

July 12, 14—Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association's annual regatta, Pullman, Ill.

July 18, 19—National Amateur Association annual regatta, Sunbury, Pa.

July 23-Aug. 4—Meet of the Northern Division American Canoe Association, Lake Concheling.

July 24, 25—Iowa State Amateur Rowing Association's annual regatta, Spirit Lake.

July 24, 25—Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association regatta, Grand Rapids, Mich.

July 25—Central Pennsylvania Rowing Association's first annual regatta, Columbia, Pa.

Tommy Boyer will not stroke the Vesper eight in the July regatta. Tommy can't get the hang of the Cook stroke.

Mr. W. B. Scott, of Carthage, Dak., a great admirer of sports and a warm friend of the publisher of this paper, sends us the following poetic effusion, which he styles "A Decoration Tribute to Fox and His Great Gazette":

There came a lad from Belfast,
And d'ye mind his name?
Whin ye' atin o' y'r brifkast
Ye'll be smolling at that same.
As y' luk o'er his dandy columns
Of his gallant paper, true, sir,
POLICE GAZETTE's the name, you bet,
It takes the cake and is the pet,
And champion of the world, sir.
Let snides and cranks and humbugs rank
Fall foul of Richard K., sir;
All honest men will know and thank
The Fox that scents their trail, sir.
The cowardly whelps, the dirty hounds,
Fly howling from his path, sir;
He stringing them up, the mongrel pups,
And lays them out quite flat, sir.
Columbia's boast, we give the toast—
Long live the great GAZETTE, sir;
A gallant knight, in armor bright
Of truth, rides down the shame, sir.
Let all brave men, fair women true,
Our champion crown with laurel,
For manly right 'gainst cowardly wrong
He's foremost in the quarrel.

The State shooting tournament at Des Moines, Ia., on June 5 and 6 was a big success. The principal event was the team shoot for the State trophy, open to members of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association—two men to constitute a team. Any number of teams from any organized club belonging to the State association. Twenty single live birds per team, 30 yards rise, both barrels. Entrance, \$3 per team, birds extra. First prize, State trophy and \$10 in cash; second prize, \$40; third prize, \$30; fourth prize, \$20. The following are the clubs represented and the scores: Algona—J. G. Smith, 10; H. Durant, 9. C. B. and Q.—F. D. Gove, 6; C. T. Leonard, 8. Hampton—E. Proctor, 9; S. A. Van Saun, 9. Hampton—E. S. Cole, 10; F. M. Mitchell, 10. Parkersburg—C. I. Boulton, 8; F. L. Stout, 8. Burlington—C. Ebner, 7; K. Leopold, 4. Clarinda—J. Crabbill, 9; G. Crabbill, 6. Parkersburg—S. A. Lum, 9; J. Dickinson, 9. Valley—A. Zwart, 4; W. F. Hammond, 6. Valley—Eason, 6; Fullerton, 8. Des Moines—G. E. Hughes, 10; C. L. Smith, 8. Colfax—J. F. Simpson, 4; P. H. Cragin, 8. Des Moines—W. H. Phelps, 10; D. H. Miller, 7. Des Moines—N. Royal, 7; S. Duboy, 8. Des Moines—C. B. Langley, 8; J. E. Hastings, 6. Clarinda—J. Butler, 9; Wm. Butler, 10. Des Moines—C. Hinesdale, 9; Gus Griffey, 5. Burlington—R. S. Hughes, 9; N. Young, 7. Des Moines—T. A. Yearnshaw, 9; C. W. Budd, 10. Sioux City—H. H. Hawman, 9; L. Selzer, 8. Des Moines—Converse, 8; Harris, 7. Atlantic—W. A. Kibby, 7; Wm. Duff, 5. Panora—H. T. Denham, 8; B. T. Lindley, 7. Cole and Mitchell, of Hampton, won the trophy; Smith and Durant, of Algona; J. Butler and W. Butler, of Clarinda, and Yearnshaw and Budd, of Des Moines, divided second money; Proctor and Van Saun, of Hampton, and Lum and Dickinson, of Parkersburg, divided third; and Bolton and Stout, of Parkersburg, Phelps and Miller, of Des Moines, and Hawman and Selzer, of Sioux City, divided fourth.

My new descriptive circular on urinary diseases mailed free (sealed). J. W. GEDNEY, 203 E. 88th St. N. Y.

ALWAYS AHEAD.

The N. Y. "Dramatic News," the leading theatrical paper of America, in its issue of May 26 has the following: "The 'Police Gazette,' a ten-cent sporting journal, publishes at least four times as many copies as all the so-called sporting journals put together."

REFEREE.

Some Pithy Observations on Recent Fatalities on the Race Track.

PATRON'S NAPOLEONIC CAREER.

Inside of two months Jake Kilrain, the American champion pugilist, will return to this country, and Charley Mitchell, his friend and partner, will accompany him. Since Kilrain's sojourn in a foreign clime he has ably represented, both in and out of the ring, the Star and Stripes, and has proved by deeds and action that he is a man well worthy to represent the United States as the champion pugilist.

Kilrain left for England without any flourish of trumpets. He refused to allow his friends to make any display at his departure, owing to his modesty and unassuming way. He remarked on that occasion: "It is no use making a big time when I am leaving, because I do not like to be considered ostentatious, for I may be defeated, as Smith, the English champion, is said to be the best man who ever entered the ring in England. If I am successful, it will be time enough for my friends to show their regard for me by giving me such a reception on my return to the American shore as they may think I deserve."

Kilrain not only showed true manliness before he left for England, but on Island St. Pierre, France, the day he fought Jim Smith for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, he displayed his great courage and pugilistic ability by fighting the champion of England to a standstill, and would have won in that great static contest only for darkness putting a stop to hostilities.

Since that, the memorable battle in question, Kilrain has declared his willingness to meet all comers for the belt, which represents the championship of the world. He has demonstrated that he is the most noble and gentlemanly representative of the prize ring that has ever visited England. It will now be in order, therefore, on the champion's return, to give him a right royal and hearty welcome and reception, for he returns, not defeated or disgraced, but as a conquering hero.

The large page portrait of John Teemer, of McKeesport, Pa., the champion oarsman of America, with the representation of the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, which represents the single-scul championship of the world, created quite a stir in aquatic circles, and there has been such a demand for the POLICE GAZETTE which contained this attractive sporting feature that it was impossible to supply it. Those, however, who were unable to procure a copy of Teemer and the "Police Gazette" championship rowing trophy, can do so by applying at the POLICE GAZETTE office, as the plate will be printed in handsome colors on fine card board, and will make a suitable picture to frame for sporting houses and saloons. Order copies in advance, as only a limited number will be printed.

Judging from the interest already manifested in the match between Jack Havlin, the holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the feather-weight championship of America, and Frank Murphy, the champion feather-weight of England, the day the pugilists meet there will be heavy betting on the result.

Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion pugilist of the world and holder of the "Police Gazette" middle-weight belt, is now one of the heavy betters on turf events, and his efforts to select and back the winning horses are crowned with just as much success as his battles in the prize ring have been.

In regard to the Sullivan and Mitchell prize ring battle (fought at Chantilly) exposed by E. C. Holske, E. T. Sampson, in the *Licensed Victualers' Mirror*, says: "What is there in the air of this tight little island which induces such a change of ideas? This side of the 'herring pond' the Kilrain vs. Smith affair was voted the 'randest pugilistic battle of the century,' and on the other, by American citizens when arrived home, 'a fake, a fizzle and a put-up job.'"

I attended the last day of the American Jockey Club meeting at Jerome Park, on June 12, and never shall forget the steeplechase. It was for a purse of \$800, and thousands were wagered on the result. I had witnessed the accident on June 9, when Bob Miles, once a great cup horse, fell, and his jockey, Cross, was so severely injured that he died later, and now "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." I was also present when the steeplechase was run, on June 11, and Pope's mount fell, breaking his nose and ribs, and at this writing he lies in Manhattan Hospital, but not being a fatalist, I had no idea that there would be any more accidents, but my judgment was in error, as will be seen presently.

Caldwell drops the flag, and the thousands who delight in the cross country competition shout, "They are off." Verplanck the colored jockey, better known as "Monkey Charley," on Willie Palmer, rushes his horse over the first obstacle, and the others follow at breakneck speed. Up Picnic Hill they race like quarter horses, and the stone wall in the north field is safely passed. The fatal jump at the foot of the club house bluff, where Pope was unhorsed, is before them, but they do not check the speed of their horses. Willie Palmer, with his feather-weight rider, skims it like a bird, but Karry Mann's 150 pounds is too much to lift high, and striking the timber with his fore legs, he turns a somersault and breaks his neck. Daly is under him, and amid the cries of horror from the spectators, willing hands rush from every portion of the infield to look after the unfortunate jockey.

When the cloud of dust rolls away Daly has been extricated from his perilous position, more frightened than hurt, but poor Harry Mann lies where he fell. His last race is run, and more than one tear is dropped to his memory. He has emptied some pocket-books, it is true, but he has often filled others, and the fortunate are not forgetful as he lays in the agonies of death at the foot of the hurdle he had so often passed in safety.

On go the others at the jump in the south field, where Referee stumbles and Repeater, falling over him, unseats his rider. Again stable hands rush to the assistance of the boys, but, fortunately, all escape with a shaking up except Jones, who has lost a thumb.

Willie Palmer is a long way in front of his competitors, but they are racing all. Over the stone wall in the north field King Troubler comes to grief, and then the fight is narrowed down to three. Willie Palmer is too far in front to be caught, and he finishes a winner by two lengths from Glenbar, with the favorite, John Henry, third. It was a most exciting close to a very successful meeting, which was only marred by the unfortunate accidents at the timber.

Patron holds the front rank among the trotters, now that the little black wonder, Jay-Eye-See, is off the turf. Patron has a Napoleonic career. E. T. Sampson in combats against time up to July 1, 1884, he met but one defeat. As a four-year-old, July 15, 1882, in a four-year-old stake at Chicago he met Waiting Bronze, Jim Bowman, Adolphe and Ed. Geers, and he won the fifth and sixth heats, the fastest in the race, in 2:22½ and 2:23½.

On September 23, over the same track, he trotted for a four-year-old purse of \$1,500. Jay-Eye-See winning the first, third and fourth heats in 2:22½, 2:19 and 2:19.

He began the season of 1883 at Louisville by defeating Charley Ford in straight heats and slow time. At Morrisania on June 22, for a purse of \$3,000, for 5-year-olds, he de-

feated in straight heats Phil Thompson, Lucy Jernett, and Bronze; best time, 2:19½. At Albany, N. Y., in a match against time—2:18—he trotted in 2:16½. On July 4, at Washington, he met and defeated Bronze and Phil Thompson in 2:19, 2:19½ and 2:23. At Chicago, July 30, he got to the wire in front of Adolphe and Bronze in 2:29, 2:31 and 2:19. Majolica undertook to tackle him, but was beaten with the greatest ease at Pittsburgh on July 28, the time being 2:23½, 2:17 and 2:17½. At Cleveland, Ohio, he fought the battle over again, and did it most victoriously in 2:20½, 2:16 and 2:15½. In the class for 6-year-olds and under at Buffalo he conceded a year to Director and Clemmie G., leviathans of the turf, and defeated them. At Rochester he trotted against 2:15½, and carried old man Time into camp by winning in 2:14. At Hartford he essayed to beat that record, but lost by half a second, his fastest heat being in 2:14½.

At Providence he trotted against Time and defeated him in 2:10½. At Mystic Park, Boston, against 2:14 he trotted in 2:11½, but lost at Beacon Park on the following week, on two attempts. On Sept. 29 he met St. Julien and lowered the pride of the Pacific Slope in straight heats, in the time of 2:20½, 2:18½ and 2:19. At Albany, N. Y., and at Chicago he trotted to beat his record, but failed.

The season of 1884 witnessed Patron's most superb successes. At Chicago he trotted to beat 2:10½, but failed to do so, his best heat being 2:11½. At Pittsburgh he again was pitted against Time, and was conquered; but at Providence, R. I., on Aug. 1, he achieved the crowning record of his career by trotting in 2:10, at that time the fastest record to harness. On the following day at Cleveland, Maud S. trotted in 2:08½. At Buffalo he trotted in 2:10½, and at Prospect Park, Minneapolis and Kalamazoo he also failed to beat his record. The simple fact was, that the gallant little prodigy had been trotted off his feet.

During the years of 1885 and 1886 he was given the rest which he so much needed, and under the skillful care of his trainer, E. Bither, he appears again this season with all his old-time speed. In 1887, at Freeport, he trotted in 2:12½.

Leadville Morrissey's splendid colt, French Park, is rapidly becoming a second Trotter. Beginning his career at Lexington he met and defeated in his two starts the best two-year-olds in the West. Brought on to Brooklyn he started twice against the cracks of the East, including Oregon and Holiday, and was first under the wire both times. During the Jerome Park meeting he has gone to the post three times. The first in the juvenile stakes, he made a dead heat with Mr. Belmont's Fides, and the remaining two he won as he pleased. Six wins and a dead heat out of seven starts, pitted against the flower of the two-year-olds, stamps French Park as the early two-year-old of 1888.

French Park, according to the croakers, was doomed to certain defeat in the Encore stakes at Jerome Park. He was to carry 122 pounds a distance of six furlongs, conceding ten pounds each to K. W. Walden's speedy Holiday and the Excelsior stable's Gipsy Queen, and seven pounds to the Castle stable's Diablo. The knowing ones said he did not like the dust; the curves were too sharp for him, and that he was becoming stale from too much racing.

The bookmakers hearkened unto the strains of the dissenters until Mr. Phil Dwyer and Pittsburgh Phil made the rounds, taking all they could obtain about the colt from the West, and then the pencilers concluded he might be good for another race, and rushed down to the auction pools to hedge out their heavy wagers.

The race proved a genuine rasper for the youngsters opposed to French Park. They set the pace from the fall of the flag, made all the running until nearing the judges' stand, caught whip and spur freely, and then in the last half dozen seconds saw French Park go by them without apparent exertion and score a two lengths' win. The race resulted French Park first, Holiday second. When Oregon rounds into shape he may be able to make French Park tired over six furlongs or ground; but until such a time, barring mishaps, the Western colt's picnic prospects are little short of gilt edged.

After the Dwyer Bros. paid \$20,000 for Sir Dixon to G. B. Morris, himself supposed that the colt was not a bargain, but he has paid for himself by winning the Withers and the Belmont stakes. The latter great turf event this year had but two starters, Dwyer Brothers' Sir Dixon and August Belmont's Prince Royal. The close race the two ran for the Withers, led many to believe that with half a mile further to go the result would be even more uncertain, and that Prince Royal might beat Sir Dixon. The race, however, was a very easy victory for Sir Dixon. The two horses ran a very close and fast race for about a mile, when Prince Royal quit and Sir Dixon went on, winning very easily in time that had only been beaten once before for the Belmont, and that by Saxon some fourteen years ago.

Some idea of the speed of the earlier part of the race may be guessed at from the fact that they ran the half mile in 49½ seconds and it was not until they had run a mile that Prince Royal stopped, which let Sir Dixon take it easy the last half mile. The victory made it the fifth Belmont won by the Dwyers in the last six years. They won with George Kinney in 1883, with Panique in 1884, with Inspector B. in 1886 and with Hanover last year. Mr. Belmont in turn won the Belmont in 1869 with Glenelg, with Fenian running second. He was also second with Count D'Orsay in 1873, and with Fiddlesticks in 1876.

I was going to expose the hippodrome of parties running the various dog shows through the country, when I came across the following, written by Leslie C. Bruce, which saves me the trouble. Read it: "It is well to put the public on its guard. The speculative individuals who are moving from town to town and getting up bench shows for no other purpose than lining their pockets are not promoting the best interests of the canine race. They are encouraging hippodrome practices, and the owners of respectable kennels cannot afford to have anything to do with them. Their awards are not recognized by the American Kennel Club. The only safe thing to do is for communities fond of the dog to put no faith in the promises of the oily-tongued, wandering showmen. When you want to give a genuine bench show organize your local forces and apply to the American Kennel Club for membership."

The "State Register," of Des Moines, Iowa, publishes the following severe and sarcastic editorial about John L. Sullivan: "The American people are not all fools, nor all brutes. They do a good many things to justify the belief that they are, but time generally corrects the unfortunate impression. The treatment which Boston has been giving the prize fighter, Sullivan, for the past few years did much to confirm the belief that the brutal instinct had supplanted the higher and nobler feelings in the American people. He was feted and dined by leading citizens, even the mayor of the city joining in the homage that was paid the big brute. But the revolution in public sentiment has at last come, though it didn't start in Boston, much to its discredit. Sullivan was advertised to give an exhibition of his powers in New York city a few nights ago, and the performance was to be a testimonial to him by his admirers. The night came, so did Mr. Sullivan, but the people that were expected to attend failed to appear. Instead of five thousand people, as was expected, there were scarcely five hundred in the great hall. The public had become so disgusted with his brutishness, his hippodroming and his general unworthiness, that even the sporting classes refused to support him longer. Thus passes the glory of the great Sullivan, king of the prize fighters. It is good for the American character that such a man has been dropped in popular favor."

The Brooklyn, N. Y., "Times," June 13, says: "John L. Sullivan is going to travel with a circus. John will be a useful man to drive tent pegs." He can fill that occupation better than he can fight, judging by his recent battle in which he met his Waterloo.

LEADS THE SPORTING PAPERS.

The N. Y. "Dramatic News," the leading theatrical paper of America, in its issue of May 26 has the following: "The 'Police Gazette,' a ten-cent sporting paper, publishes at least four times as many copies as all the so-called sporting journals put together."

WHIP AND SPUR

30,000 Persons Witness the Most Sensational Racing Event of the Season.

THE GREAT SUBURBAN.

J. F. Caldwell, the popular starter, whose portrait recently appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE, added to his fame by his excellent starting at Jerome Park.

At the Waldo Park Racing Association, June 12, the event of the day was the Kansas City Derby, for 3-year-olds, at a mile and a half, and the notable feature about it was that the Chicago stable ran first and second with Macbeth and Wheeler T., they finishing as named.

Terra Cotta, with 121 pounds up, won the Granite Mountain handicap at St. Louis, June 9, easily, and ran the one mile and a quarter in 2:11½. Linden, with 128 pounds up, seven pounds more than Terra Cotta, won a handicap, one mile and a quarter, Suburban distance, at Jerome Park, the same day, in 2:11½.

At Ascot, Eng., June 12, the thirty-fourth Triennial stakes was run over a course a little less than two miles. It had seven starters, of which the Duke of Westminster's Savile was the favorite at 5 to 2 against. He failed to get a place, the Duke of Beaufort's Dante winning by two lengths from Prince Soltykoff's Devilshoof, who was a head in front of Gen. Pearson's Ruddigore. The last betting was 9 to 2 against Ruddigore, 6 to 1 Dante and 20 to 1 Devilshoof.

At the race for the Queen's Vase, at Ascot, Eng., June 12, among the starters was the French-bred filly Tenebreuse, winner of the Grand Prix de Paris in 1887 and several good races since. The distance was about two miles. There were six starters, with Lord Lurgan's Cottion the favorite at 9 to 4. He was beaten a short head by W. Blake's Exmoor and followed by Lord Lascelles' Oric a bad third. The betting was 3 to 1 each Exmoor and Tenebreuse, 4 to 1 Scene Shifter and 5 to 1 Oric.

The Ascot stakes, 2 miles, was run at Ascot, Eng., June 12. It had ten starters, of which Mr. Bridges' Willyame! Bunter, the winner of the Great Northern handicap at York last week, was the favorite at 5 to 2 against. With the other starters the betting was as follows: 9 to 2 against Clan Chattan, 7 to 1 Chipeway, 8 to 1 Torquay, 10 to 1 Fallow Chat and Mosque, 12 to 1 The Sage and Maize, 20 to 1 Dan Dancer and 25 to 1 Fealty. The outsider, Dan Dancer, won by three lengths; Chipeway second, two lengths in front of Bunter.

The "Item," Philadelphia, June 9, 1888, says: "D. A. Harrington, the well-known trainer, driver and lessee of the Hudson Driving Association Park at Poughkeepsie, took Richard K. Fox's \$10,000 trotting team, Sir Mohawk and Nello Sontag, from New York recently. A crowd assembled at Fleetwood Park track in the afternoon to witness the famous flyers, who were greatly admired. Mr. Harrington drove the team over the Fleetwood track in 2:23½ a year ago. Inside of four or five weeks he expects to train them so they will trot nearly up to the best double-team record. Harrington will speed them every day, and June 30 will drive them to beat 2:23 on the track."

The Suburban of 1888, the great turf event of the racing season, in which perhaps a million or more dollars was depending upon the result, was run at the opening of the Coney Island Jockey Club races at Sheepshead Bay on June 14. The Suburban is a turf event of a national character, one in which every racing man in America and the masses of the sporting and general public are interested, directly or indirectly. Throughout the winter and spring large wagers, ranging from \$5 to \$2,500, were wagered. Bookmakers in every city in America were busy circulating their odds and taking the money the public offered. As the spring rolled on the favorites grew less and less in number, and then the odds were reduced, and finally the books began to be full, until a week or so ago all were closed. A man needs to be in rare good luck and exceedingly well informed to place his money to any advantage three or four or more months before a race, but it is done, and always will be, on the idea that "nothing ventured, nothing gained." Nerve only is required, and there is plenty of that among the racing public. Thousands got a run for their money and thousands did not, because the horse they backed was scratched or was withdrawn.

After the Bard won the Brooklyn handicap, which is claimed to be a key to the Suburban, thousands were put on The Bard. Money came from all parts of the country, but the money was lost shortly after it was invested, because Mr. Cassatt's great horse was scratched.

About 30,000 spectators from all parts of the country assembled to witness the race, and about one million depended on the result. The betting was: 3 to 1 against Hidalgo, 4 to 1 each Terra Cotta and Frenzi, 5 to 1 Linden, 10 to 1 Joe Cotton, 12 to 1 Dunboyne, 15 to 1 each Elkwood, Banbury, Triboulet and Connemara; 20 to 1 each Aurelia, Orway and Strideaway; 30 to 1 Eurus, 50 to 1 each Grover Cleveland and Fenelon, 100 to 1 Royal Arch. For a place: 6 to 5 against Hidalgo, 5 to 6 Frenzi, 2 to 1 each Linden and Terra Cotta, 4 to 1 Joe Cotton, 5 to 1 Dunboyne, 6 to 1 each Elkwood, Banbury, Triboulet and Connemara; 7 to 1 Orway, 8 to 1 Aurelia, 10 to 1 each Eurus and Strideaway, 20 to 1 each Grover Cleveland and Fenelon and 30 to 1 Royal Arch. Pools: Haggin's trio, \$330; Linden, \$150; Terra Cotta, \$25; Joe Cotton, 50; the field, \$20.

Intense excitement prevailed among the crowd when the horses came to the post. Starter Caldwell, after a few attempts, dropped the flag, and the race began. It was an excellent start, with Elkwood, Triboulet, Joe Cotton and Frenzi jumping away in front, followed by Royal Arch and Eurus. As they raced up past the stand they presented a magnificent appearance with the Triboulet "all cherry" in the lead, lapped by Royal Arch, Joe Cotton, Frenzi, Eurus and Orway, with the other eleven in a dense bunch, of which Terra Cotta and Hidalgo were covering the rear. As they ran past the members' stand and paddock the dust obscured the leaders, but as they showed round the turn Royal Arch was seen to be leading two lengths, with Joe Cotton, Triboulet and Eurus on even terms. At the turn for the backstretch Eurus ran out and chased Royal Arch all the way down the backstretch, they running two lengths apart with Frenzi leading, the remainder four lengths away, lapped by Fenelon, Joe Cotton and Triboulet, with Terra Cotta still in the rear. As they made the big turn by the old Dwyer stables the field began to overhaul the runaway Royal Arch and Eurus, so that when they reached the woods Royal Arch and Eurus were lapped, with Frenzi, Joe Cotton and Triboulet close up. The next furlong showed even greater changes, and as they made the in-turn it was a close thing, for Frenzi, Elkwood, Royal Arch, Terra Cotta, Eurus, Hidalgo, Triboulet and Joe Cotton were all running on nearly even terms, with Elkwood on the inside, Terra Cotta on the outside and Frenzi about in the middle. Once well in the straight the race became a drive and the crowd was soon frantic with excitement, men and women alike shouting until the sound became one gigantic volume of sound. In the meantime Frenzi had secured almost a clear lead, and at the lower end of the stand gave her backers hopes of winning, but the pace told, and she gradually gave way, to be passed in turn by Elkwood and Terra Cotta. The last named was in distress and running very crooked—swerving in and out like a rudderless ship, with little or no help from Kiley. Finally, in the last fifty yards, Terra Cotta got fairly straight, and with a magnificent effort made a dash for the prize. It was a fraction of a second too late, for Martin on Elkwood had never ceased riding, and his reward was the winning of the race by the shortest of heads from Terra Cotta, who was a good neck in front of Frenzi, with Eurus fourth, Triboulet fifth, Hidalgo sixth and the others pulling up, with Joe Cotton and Aurelia last.

The horses were scarcely past the post when the crowd broke over the fence and the track became a dense mass of humanity.

But the applause was so scant that it became a conspicuous fact that Elkwood's success did not please the crowd, there being even less than when Eurus won last year, while the scene that followed Troubadour's success in 1886, when the crowd would have carried Fitzpatrick to the paddock if they could have caught him, was but a memory. The time (2:07½) was quickly displayed and elicited some little applause. It is the fastest Suburban ever run, General Monroe winning in 1884 in 2:11½, Pontiac in 1885 in 2:09½, Troubadour in 1886 in 2:12½, and Eurus last year in 2:12. The fractional time was run as follows: First quarter, 25½; half, 51; three-quarters in 1:16 and the mile in 1:41½, which makes the several quarters as follows: First, 25½; second, 25½; third, 25; fourth, 25½; and fifth, 25. The time also shows Elkwood to be a very reliable runner, from a time standpoint, when in condition, he winning the Twin City Handicap with 117 pounds, last September, in 2:04, while he was beaten in the match with Banbury, at a mile and a quarter, in 2:07½. The value of the race to the winner was \$2,947.50.

SUMMARY.

Coney Island Jockey Club, New York, June 14, 1888.
Fifth running of the Suburban handicap, a sweepstakes for all ages, at \$100 each, half forfeit, \$25 only if declared by Feb. 20, with \$5,000 added, the second to receive \$1,000 of the added money and 20 per cent. of the stakes, the third \$500 of the added money and 10 per cent. of the stakes; winners after the publication of the weights, Feb. 1, of two races of any value, or of one of \$1,000, to carry 4 pounds; of two of \$1,000, or of one of \$2,000, to carry 3 pounds; of three of \$1,000, or of two of \$2,000, 12 pounds extra; in cases of horses handicapped at 115 pounds or over, these penalties shall apply to the extent of one-half only; closed Jan. 1, 1888, with 48 entries, of which is declared: mile and a quarter.
W. Gratz's ch. h. Elkwood, 5, by Eolus, dam Minnie Andrews, 119 (Martin)..... 1
Chicago Stable's ch. c. Terra Cotta, 4, by Harry O'Fallon, dam Laura R., 122 (Kiley)..... 2
J. B. Haggin's b. f. Frenzi, 4, by Glenelg, dam Florida, 117 (Garrison)..... 3
A. J. Cassatt's b. h. Eurus, 5, 119 (W. Hayward)..... 4
Maltese Villa Farm's b. c. Triboulet, 4, 110, carried 112 (Murphy)..... 5
J. B. Haggin's blk. h. Hidalgo, 4, 116 (Hamilton)..... 6
Oakwood Stable's b. f. Connemara, 4, 111 (P. Littlefield)..... 7
Summit Stable's ch. g. Royal Arch, aged, 107 (Palmer)..... 8
Madison Stable's ch. c. Orway, 4, 101, carried 105 (W. Dunahue)..... 9
Frankness Stable's b. h. Linden, 5, 124 (Shauer)..... 10
W. Gratz's b. c. Fenelon, 4, 100 (Church)..... 11
G. L. Lovillard's ch. c. Strideaway, 4, 105 (Anderson)..... 12
W. Jennings' b. c. Dunboyne, 4, 114 (Chappel)..... 13
J. D. Morrissey's b. g. Banbury, 4, 117 (Fitzpatrick)..... 14
M. Storm's ch. h. Grover Cleveland, 4, 108 (Holloway)..... 15
Dwyer Bros' ch. h. Joe Cotton, 4, 112, carried 114 (J. McLaughlin)..... 16
J. B. Haggin's ch. f. Aurelia, 4, 120 (Blacklock)..... 17
The winners of the Suburban are as follows:

1884—E. J. McElmeel's Gen. Monroe, 6 years, 124 lbs. Time, 2:11½. Subscribers, 74; 14 declarations, 30 starters.
1885—P. Lovillard's Pontiac, 4 years, 102 lbs. Time, 2:09½. Subscribers, 107; 18 declarations, 15 starters.
1886—S. S. Brown's Troubadour, 4 years, 115 lbs. Time, 2:12½. Subscribers, 92; 11 declarations, 30 starters.
1887—A. J. Cassatt's Eurus, 4 years, 102 lbs. Time, 2:12. Subscribers, 109; 20 declarations, 30 starters.
1888—W. Gratz's ch. h. Elkwood, 5 years, 119 lbs. Time, 2:07½. Subscribers, 88; 17 starters.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No attention will be paid to questions unless they are accompanied by the full name and address of the sender.]

S. J., Kansas City.—No.
LIONEL, Boston.—Pilot won.
S. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—No.
D. J., Portsmouth, N. H.—No.
S. J., Ballston Spa, N. Y.—Yes.
H. W. J., Baltimore.—Sixes are high.
J. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—Four, five, six.
A. D., Boston.—1. No. 2. A counts three.
W. B., Ypsilanti, Mich.—1. No. 2. Joe Coburn.
M. J., Washington.—It is against the rules to build off the table.
C. W. H., Bedford, Pa.—Each party must receive back his money.
CONSTANT READER, Buffalo.—There is no 100 yard champion runner.
J. B. and R. S., Baltimore, Md.—Pilot won the fight and Cribb was killed.
D. W., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Jake Kilrain is the champion of the world, 2. No.
D. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—Alice Oates was born Sept. 22, 1849, at Nashville, Tenn.

E. B., Worcester, Mass.—The races were published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

J. W., Toledo.—The Northwestern Baseball League was organized in 1879 at Rockford, Ill.

T. W., Philadelphia.—Write to E. H. Garrison, Parkville, N. Y. He may be able to inform you.

J. S., Watkins, N. Y.—1. No. 2. The non-dealer is allowed to mark three holes, called three for last.

M. J. B., Charlotte, N. Y.—The player to the left of the age after all hands are filled has the first say.

J. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Fred Paulson is equestrian manager of the Great Eastern Circus, 2. No.

G. O. S., Pine Bluff, Neb.—The two men who threw 48 each must throw again for first and second prize.

A. J. S., Neb.—1. John L. Sullivan lived in New York and in Boston. 2. He had no saloon at the date you mention.

SPORT.—Fred Paulson, the German Hercules, is going on the road with the Great Eastern circus as equestrian manager.

READER.—The J. L. Raymond in question has no authority to collect subscriptions; neither do we employ any traveling agent.

M. W., Washington, D. C.—Mrs. Langtry was born on the Isle of Jersey, one of the Channel Islands of Great Britain, in 1854.

SCULLER, Worcester, Mass.—Charles Campbell was the first recognized champion oarsman of England, and Joshua Ward was the first champion oarsman of the United States. Campbell won the title in 1831 in England, and Joshua Ward won the championship in 1859, beating Thomas Daw.

D. A., Denver, Col.—The prize fight arranged between Herbert A. Slade and Charles Mitchell on April 13, 1883, did not take place, owing to Slade's backers refusing to go on with the match after the authorities decided to prevent the fight. The referee, John Scanlan, decided the glove contest between Charley Mitchell and Jack Burke a draw.

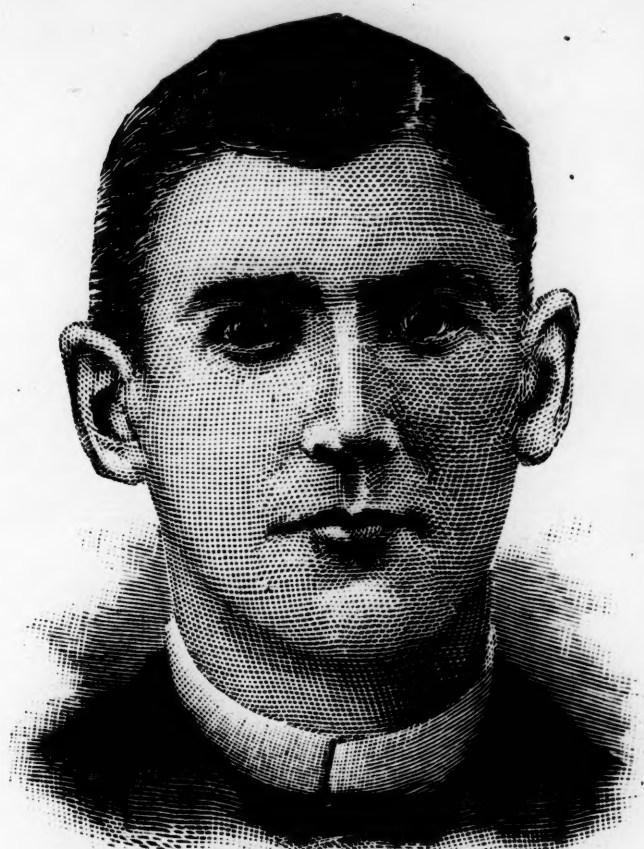
SCIPIO, Altoona, Pa.—The fight for \$2,500 a side between Jack Brady, the heavy-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific slope, and Herbert A. Slade, the Maori, was decided at the Wigwam, San Francisco, on Dec. 17, 1884. In the second round Brady fought Slade to a standstill. The Maori's hands fell to his sides, and Brady striking him on the cheek, he fell in a limp mass. He failed to get up in 10 seconds, and the fight was awarded to Brady.

J. H., Logansport, Ind.—Madam Temple, the dam of Flora, was foaled the property of Elijah Peck, Esq., of Waterville, Oneida county, N. Y., in the spring of 1840. Her dam was a small but fleet mare. Madam Temple was sired by a spotted Arabian stallion brought from Dutchess county and owned by Horace Torry, Esq. Mr. Peck disposed of Madam when four months old, for a mere trifle, to William Johnson, Esq., of the same place, who always had a keen eye for good points in a horse.

M. J., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. No. 2. Tom Kelly of St. Louis, who seconded Paddy Ryan, has fought eight times in the ring. In England he beat Jack Connor, Dan Lomas, Bill Brown, Jack Rooke (a cross, and all bets declared off) and Dick Rowley. He was beaten by Jack Rooke and Harry Allen. He arrived in this country Jan. 11, 1868. On Sept. 21, 1872, at Carroll Island, St. Louis, he fought Fred Bussey, of Chicago, at 164 pounds. Kelly won in 27 rounds, lasting 25½ minutes. He was born at Bradford, Eng., in 1836.

ALWAYS AHEAD.

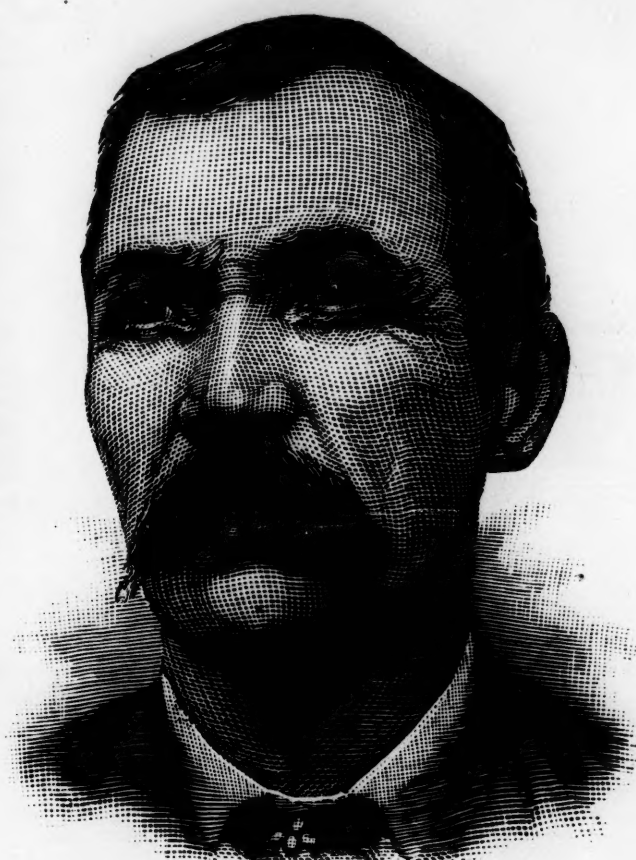
The N. Y. "Dramatic News," the leading theatrical paper of America, in its issue of May 26 has the following: "The 'Police Gazette,' a ten-cent sporting journal, publishes at least four times as many copies as all the so-called sporting journals put together."



JAMES PALMER,
THE ALLEGED MURDERER OF HENRY E. WHITEHOUSE ON NOBLE'S
ISLAND SHORE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.



THEY RAN AWAY.
BURGLARS WHO BREAK INTO A MILWAUKEE, WIS., RESIDENCE
ARE FRIGHTENED OFF BY A YOUNG LADY'S SCREAMS.



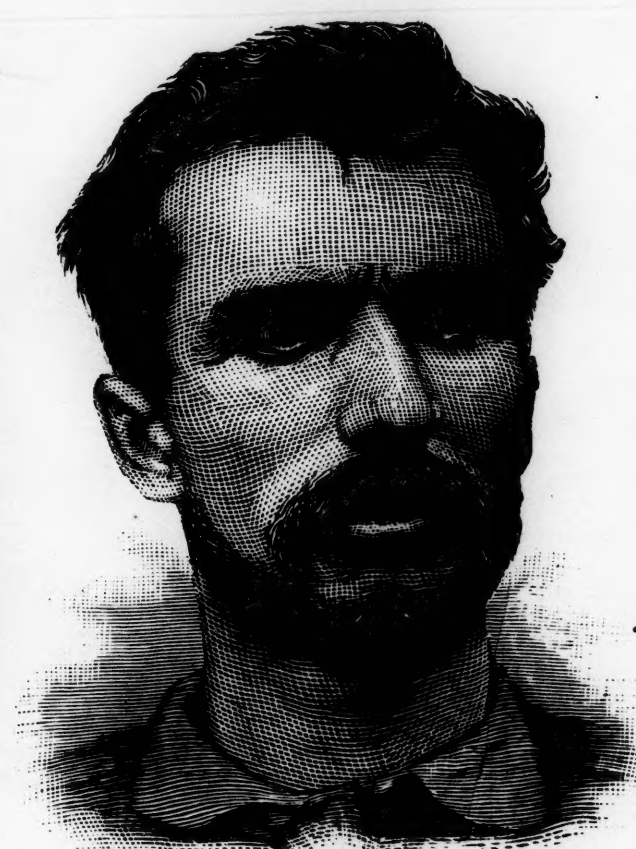
JAMES SPEEDY,
DEPUTY SHERIFF OF PIMA CO., A. T., THE CAPTOR OF J. J. TAYLOR
A DESPERATE OUTLAW AND MURDERER.



MRS. SARAH J. WHITING,
PHILADELPHIA'S BORGLIA, THE CONFESSED POISONER OF HER HUS-
BAND AND TWO BABES FOR THEIR LIFE INSURANCE.



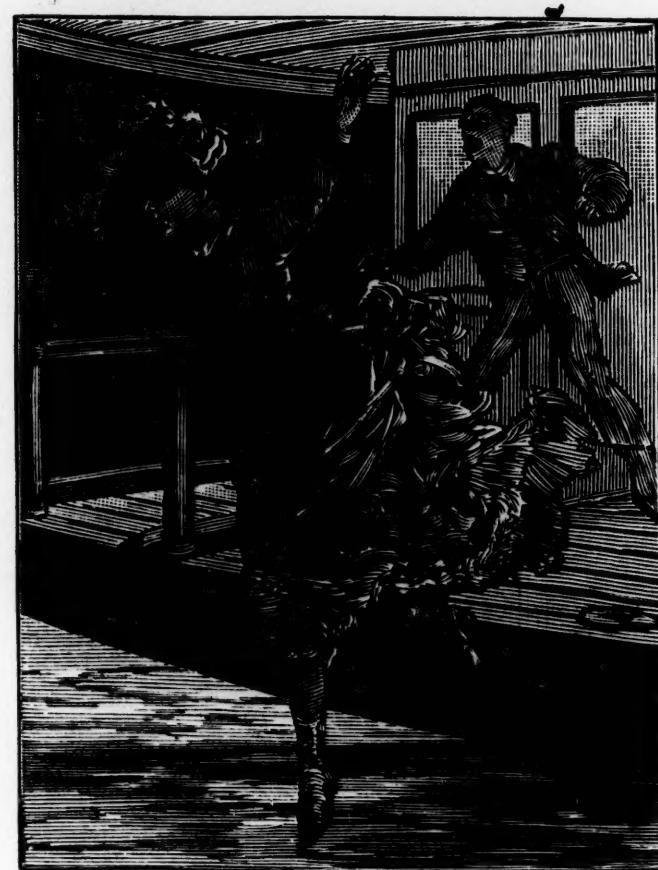
BUCKS TO THE RESCUE.
DEPUTY SHERIFFS ARE FORCED TO RELEASE AN INDIAN
CHARGED WITH MURDER NEAR DULUTH, MINN.



J. J. TAYLOR,
THE DESPERADO CAPTURED BY DEPUTY SPEEDY FOR TRAIN ROB-
BERY AND MURDER NEAR NOGALES, ARIZONA.



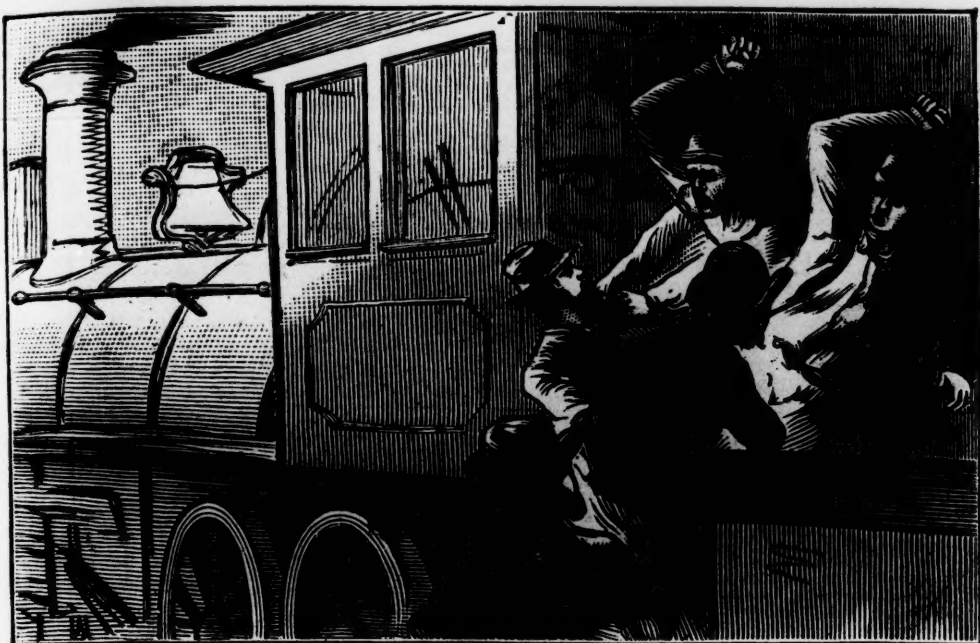
ROBERT MILROY,
A NOTORIOUS CROOK ARRESTED FOR STEALING BOOKMAKER WIL-
LIAM RILEY'S CASH BOX AT LEXINGTON, KY.



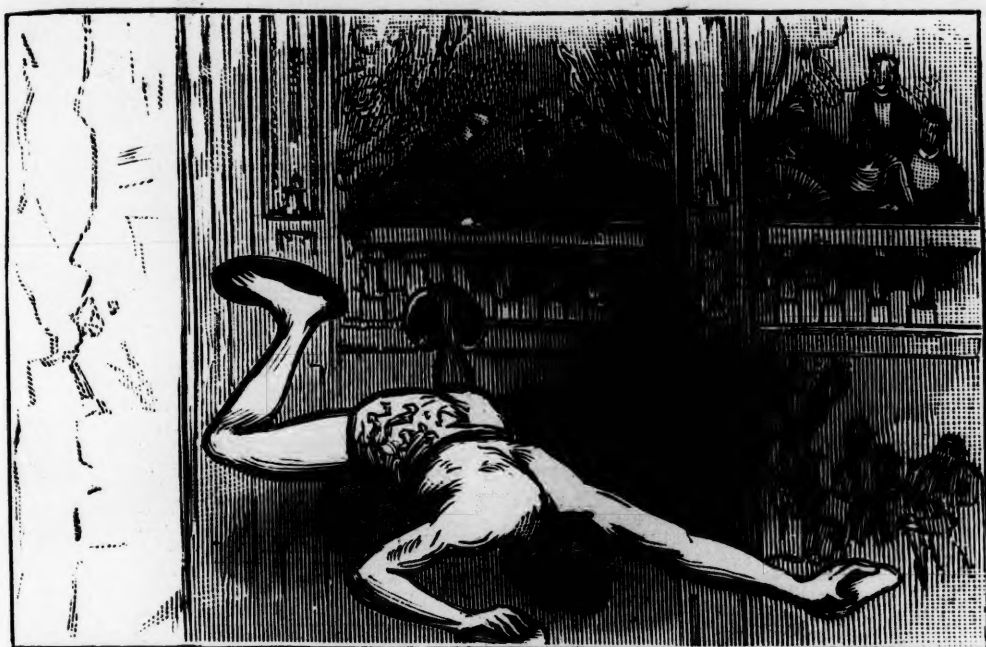
SHE READ FRENCH NOVELS.
A LLEWELLYN PARK, N. J., LADY JUMPS FROM A HOBOKEN
FERRY BOAT FROM READING TOO MUCH FICTION.



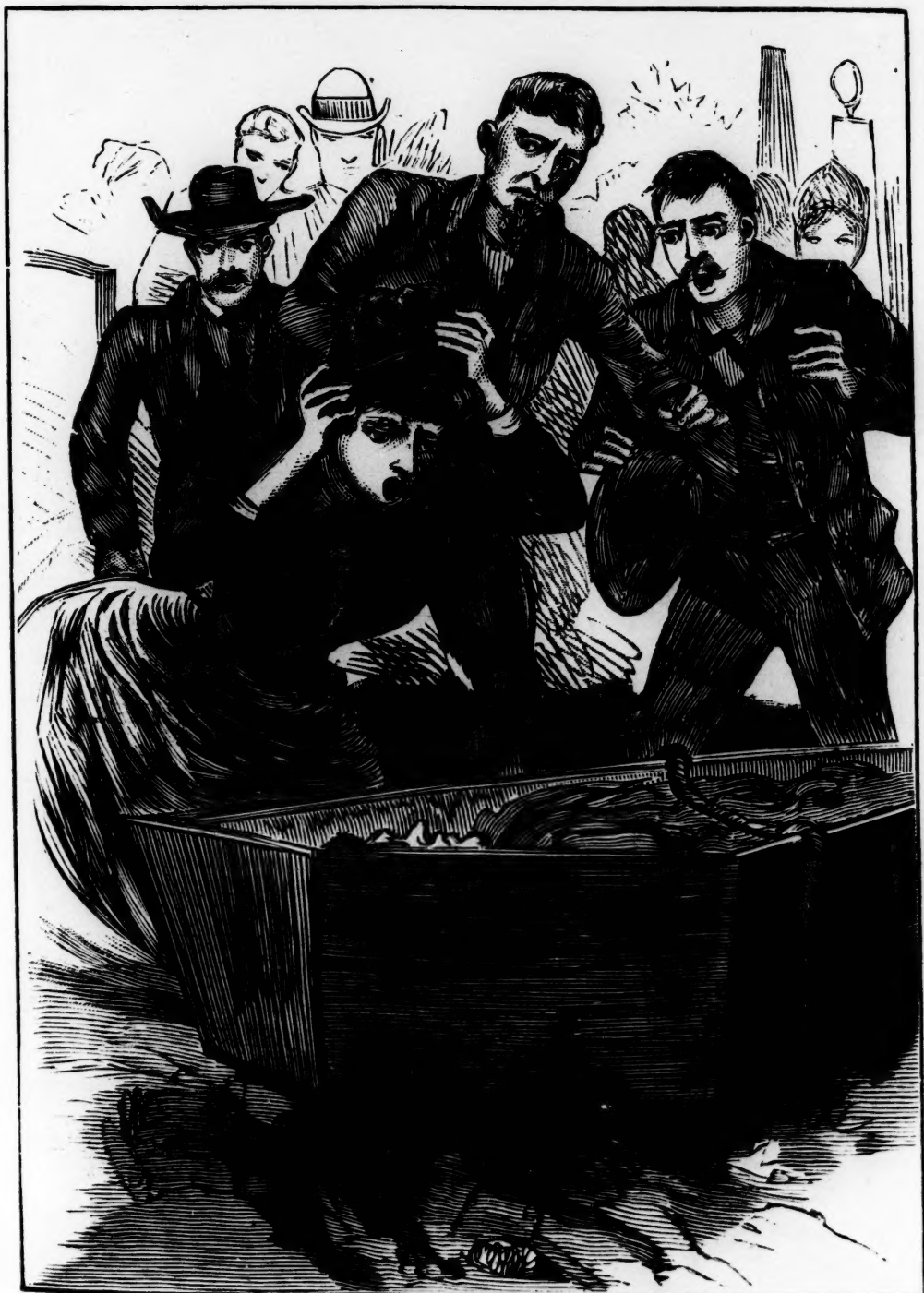
ED. CHAMBERLAIN,
MURDERER, WHO BRAINED SHERIFF HENDERSON WHILE EFFECT-
ING HIS ESCAPE FROM THE MONTICELLO, IND., JAIL.



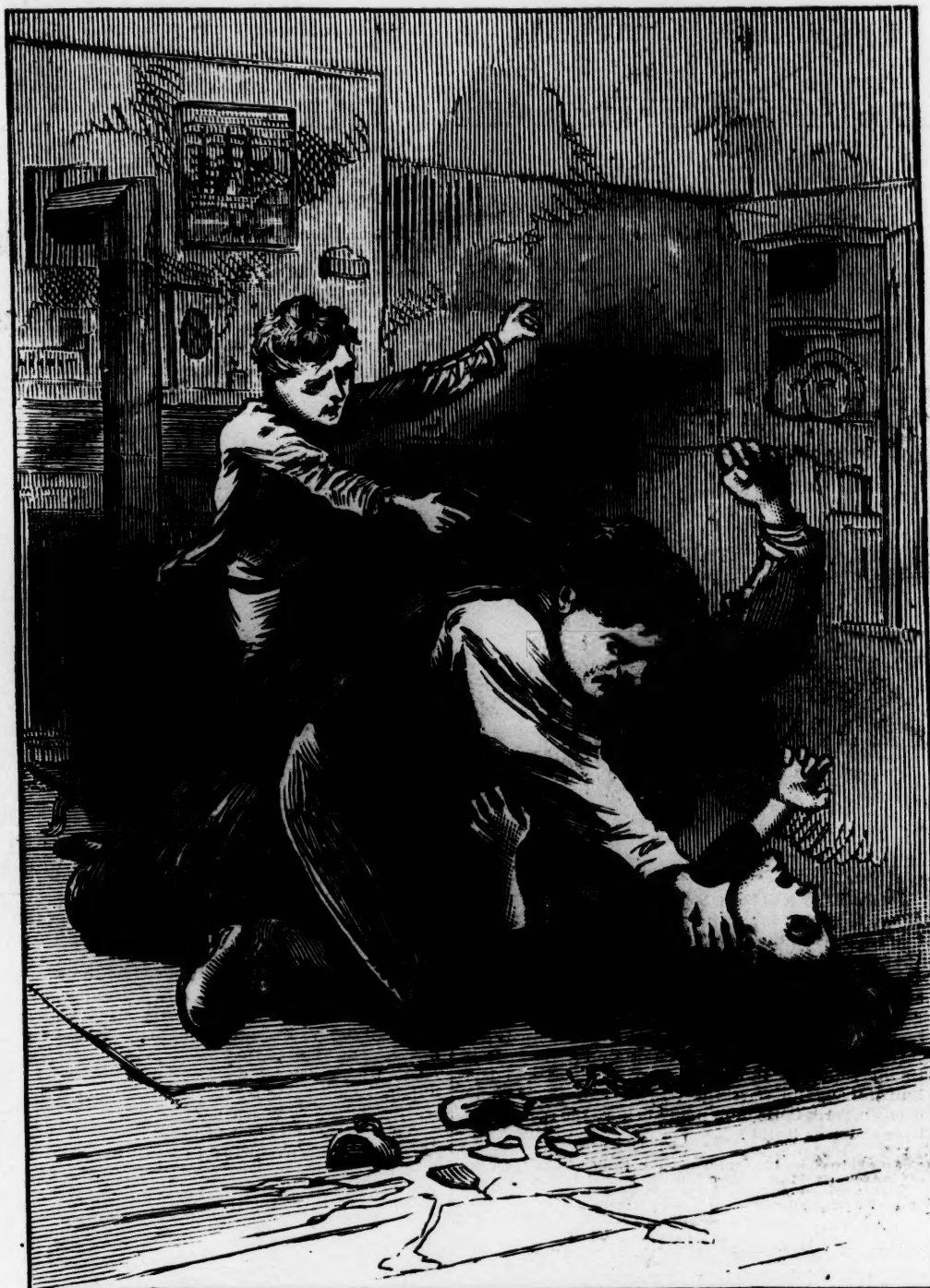
REPULSED THE BANDITS.
ROBBERS ATTEMPT TO BOARD A TRAIN NEAR CINCINNATI, O., BUT ARE BEATEN OFF BY THE ENGINEER AND FIREMAN.



STUNNED ON THE STAGE.
A JAPANESE, WHILE PERFORMING THE SPIDER ACT IN WALDMANN'S OPERA HOUSE, NEWARK, N. J., FALLS HEADLONG TO THE FLOOR.



THE COFFIN A MISFIT.
UNDERTAKER HENLING OF BRESLAU, L. I., ADMITS GRAVE CHARGES WHEN CONFRONTED WITH THE EXHUMED BODY OF GEORGE SIMON.



CUT THE BRUTE'S CAREER SHORT.
WM. ALT, A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD BALTIMORE, MD., YOUTH, KILLS HIS OWN FATHER WITH A WEAPON FIRED IN DEFENCE OF HIS MOTHER.



CAPTURED THE ROOSTER.
A VALIANT OFFICER BREAKS UP A COCK FIGHT AT ST. LOUIS, MO., AND ARRESTS ONE OF THE COMBATANTS.



A DESPERATE MAN SHEDS BLOOD.
GEORGE HERKIMER, A PROMINENT MANUFACTURER OF EAU CLAIRE, WIS., COMMITS SUICIDE AFTER ATTEMPTING TO MURDER HIS WIFE.

"TARDY" KILEY,

The Rider of Terra Cotta, Who
Just Missed Landing Him
Winner of the Suburban.



James Kiley.

James Kiley was born Sept. 20, 1865, in Lincoln, Ill. He is the rider of Campbell and Harkins' Chicago Stable, and had the mount on the pick of their string, the great four-year-old chestnut colt Terra Cotta, in the Coney Island Jockey Club's Suburban. He finished second, missing by a nose the first place and the highest honor that could fall to horse and jockey—the honor of winning the greatest event of the American turf. Elkwood, instead, is equine king, and Martin, his rider, the proudest jockey in America to-day. Had McLaughlin, Garrison, Hayward or Ike Murphy been on Terra Cotta, how many believe the race would have ended as it did?

[We will be obliged to our numerous correspondents throughout the country if they will send us the portraits of prominent jockeys, amateur athletes, or owners of well-known trotting horses for publication in this column.]

JACK SHEPARD IN SKIRTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Anna L. Hower, a female convict, made her escape from the penitentiary at Anamosa, Iowa, Sunday night by sawing off an iron bar over her window in the top tier of cells and letting herself down by means of bed clothes, then climbing up a rope and scaling the wall.

CAPTURED THE ROOSTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A crowd of colored sports at St. Louis, Mo., recently, while very much interested in the progress of a cock fight, when Officer James O'Connell quietly interrupted their fun, scattered the crowd, and capturing one of the fighting roosters took him home "for evidence."

A PUBLIC OFFICIAL REBUKED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The alleged disgraceful conduct of Circuit Clerk Motley, of Pittsfield, Ill., in taking a notoriously bad character to his office early Saturday evening, remaining there with her several hours, met a well-merited rebuke from a number of citizens of that place. They hung the pair in effigy in a public square and gave additional vent to their indignation by rotten-egging the targets thus set up.

SHE READ FRENCH NOVELS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It was a French novel with yellow cover which Mrs. Josephine Jones of Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J., dropped Friday night when she jumped from the dock of the ferryboat Hoboken into the chilly waters of the Hudson, and gave bold Captain McMullen a swim to save her. The lady was very sorry that she had been so enthusiastic, for the water was not at all comfortable, and the subsequent notoriety was still less agreeable.

MOBBED ON THE STAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dr. Landis, who calls himself a tragedian, was badly scared on Friday evening in Industrial Hall, Philadelphia, while attempting to play the leading role in "Dick Shaw." Apprehending trouble from the boisterous audience, the manager of the hall had a net placed across the front part of the stage as a sort of protection to the tragedian. This, however, proved a weak barrier to the missiles that were hurled on the stage, one of which was a dead cat.

BUCKS TO THE RESCUE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two deputy sheriffs went to a Deer Lake Indian camp, in Itasca county, near Duluth, Minn., to arrest Cut Face, an Indian, for the murder of a white man. Arriving there they learned that he had left, and followed him to Net Lake camp. Enticing him to their canoe, they bound him and started off. The alarm was given and sixteen bucks gave chase, soon overtaking the party. After a fight in which both sheriffs were badly handled, but not seriously injured, Cut Face was released.

IT WAS A DRAW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Judge David L. Hawkins, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and W. V. Leach, a prominent citizen of Cape Girardeau, Mo., and a Democratic candidate for the

ONE DOLLAR sent to this office will pay for a three months' trial subscription to the "Police Gazette." Agents wanted wherever there is no regular newsdealer. Catalogue of our Illustrated Books mailed free on application.

Legislature, fought in the street in that city recently. The difficulty grew out of a letter written by Judge Hawkins from Washington regarding the appointment of a postmaster at that place. Friends interfered and separated them before either of them were badly hurt. The fight created quite an excitement, and the friends of both parties fear that it will not end with this little affair.

THEY RAN AWAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Ross, of Milwaukee, Wis., were awakened by screams from their fourteen-year-old daughter, who slept in a rear room. At the same time they heard two men run rapidly down the stairs. Mr. Ross ran through the flat and found his daughter in a hysterical state from fright. She said that she had been awakened by some one asking her where the matches were. Supposing it to be her father, she made some reply, and then, fully awakening, saw a strange, tall man leaning over her bed and a shorter one leaning against the door. Then she screamed and the men ran away.

CUT THE BRUTE'S CAREER SHORT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Peter Alt, proprietor of the Arlington House, Baltimore, Md., was shot and almost instantly killed on Sunday night last by his son William, aged 15 years. Alt's wife says the shooting was done in her defence. Her husband had been on a spree for some time, and just before the tragedy he came into the house, and after breaking a heavy cup and saucer on her head, began to beat her. She struggled with him, and they both fell on the floor. He got a hold on her throat, and she thought that he meant to kill her. She was almost insensible when she heard the report of a gun. Her husband's grip on her throat relaxed, and he fell over on the floor.

HE CUT THEM OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some time ago a fine-looking young man named C. D. Twombly, it is alleged, went to Torrington, Conn., and put up at the Farnham House.

Mr. Twombly, besides being fine looking, was a thorough gentleman in deportment and was possessed of some means. He was given the entire into the best social circles, and in a short time became quite popular with some of the prettiest girls in town. This aroused the jealousy of a number of local beaux who were, or were willing to be, attentive to these same young ladies.

Last Wednesday night a howling mob of nearly two hundred collected in front of the hotel and demanded that Twombly be turned over to their tender mercies. The mob vowed all kinds of vengeance against Twombly, and he was compelled to leave the town before daylight.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia, Pa., are about to issue a book called "Society Rapids," by One in the Swim. It is an account of fashionable life in Washington, Saratoga and Bar Harbor. For seaside reading it will be found very entertaining. Price, 75 cents, cloth; 25 cents, paper.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND perform the work of the natural drum. Invisibly, comfortably and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

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The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages of 4 columns, measuring 14 inches each, and 24 inches wide.
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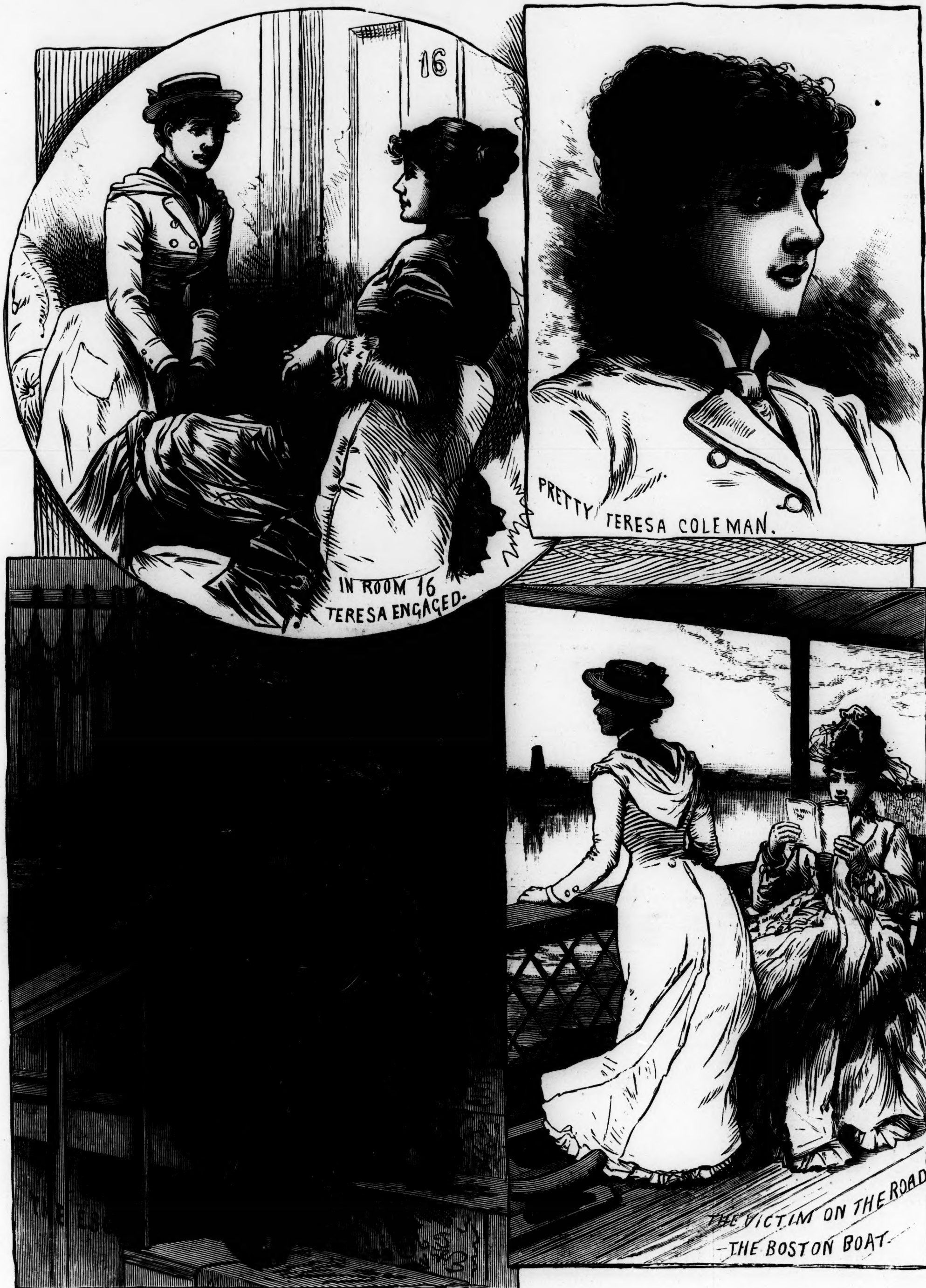
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